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BY H. A. McPIKE.

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Call for your paper before you stop it, if stop it you must. None but scalawags do otherwise. Don't be a scalawag—life's too short.

Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

$1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

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WANTED!
Wanted! Wanted!

500 Bushels Potatoes,
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The above are some of the articles we are just now in need of, but anything you have to sell bring to us and we will give you

THE HIGHSET MARKET PRICE

EITHER IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS OR CASH.

At the same time we wish to call your attention to the fact that we have a

VERY LARGE STOCK OF GOODS

on hands at present, all of which we are positively offering at

EXTREMELY LOW PRICES!

IF YOU WANT ANYTHING IN THE WAY OF

Cold Weather GOODS,

SUCH AS

BLANKETS,
HEAVY FLANNELS,
OVERCOATS,
WATERPROOFS, &c., &c.

You can save money by buying them now, as we are offering

SOME SPECIAL BARGAINS

in goods that we have on hand, so that we can dispose of as many as possible before the 1st of April next.

DON'T FORGET OUR

STOCK OF BOOTS AND SHOES,

which is the largest and most complete in Ebensburg. To make a long story short, bring us what you have for sale and we will sell you what you want at the right figures.

V. S. BARKER & BRO.

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The Best Place

TO BUY

CLOTHING!

OAK HALL,

Sixth and Market Streets,

PHILADELPHIA.

THE LARGEST CLOTHING HOUSE IN AMERICA.

THE PEOPLE'S STORE!

ONLY CO-OPERATIVE STORE IN JOHNSTOWN,

No. 3 MORRIS Street,

WILL SELL

ALL KIND OF GOODS

FULLY KEPT IN A FIRST-CLASS GENERAL STORE,

AT THE VERY LOWEST PRICES.

☞ *Residents of Northern Cambria are specially invited to give us a call. Commodious yard and feeding place for horses, free of charge, for the use of customers.*

JNO. E. STRAYER, Secretary.

JOHNSTOWN, JAN. 27, 1882.-3m.

Work, fifth day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address *True & Co.*, Augusta, Me.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address *H. Hallett & Co.*, Portland, Me.

SEEK

health and avoid sickness. Instead of feeling tired and worn out, instead of aches and pains, wouldn't you rather feel fresh and strong?

You can continue feeling miserable and good for nothing, and no one but yourself can find fault, but if you are tired of that kind of life, you can change it if you choose.

How? By getting one bottle of BROWN' IRON BITTERS, and taking it regularly according to directions.

Mansfield, Ohio, Nov. 26, 1881.
Gentlemen:—I have suffered with pain in my side and back, and great soreness on my breast, with shooting pains all through my body, attended with great weakness, depression of spirits, and loss of appetite. I have taken several different medicines, and was treated by prominent physicians for my liver, kidneys, and spleen, but I got no relief. I thought I would try Brown's Iron Bitters. I have now taken one bottle and a half and am about well—pain in side and back all gone—soreness all out of my breast, and I have a good appetite, and am gaining in strength and flesh. It can justly be called the *king of medicines*.
JOHN K. ALLENDER.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is composed of Iron in soluble form; Cinchona the great tonic, together with other standard remedies, making a remarkable non-alcoholic tonic, which will cure Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Malaria, Weakness, and relieve all Lung and Kidney diseases.

$500 REWARD
Over a Million
OF
PROFESSOR
GUILMETTE'S
FRENCH
Kidney Pads
Have already been sold in this country and in France, every one of which has given perfect satisfaction and has effected cures every time when used according to directions. We now say to the afflicted and doubting ones that we will pay the above reward for a single case of

LAME BACK

That the Pad fails to cure. This Great Remedy will POSITIVELY and PERMANENTLY cure *Lumbago, Lame Back, Sciatica, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Incontinence and retention of the Urine, Inflamation of the Kidneys, Catarrh of the Bladder, High Colored Urine, Pain in the Back, Side or Loins, Nervous Weakness*, and in fact all disorders of the Bladder and Urinary Organs, whether contracted by private disease or otherwise.

Ladies, if you are suffering from Female Weakness, Leucorrhea, or any disease of the Kidneys, Bladder, or Urinary Organs,

YOU CAN BE CURED

without swallowing nauseous medicines, by simply wearing

PROF. GUILMETTE'S

FRENCH KIDNEY PAD

WHICH CURES BY ABSORPTION.

Ask your druggist for PROF. GUILMETTE'S FRENCH KIDNEY PAD, and take no other. If he has not got it, send $2.00 and you will receive the Pad by return mail.

TESTIMONIALS FROM THE PEOPLE.

JUDGE BUCHANAN, Lawyer, Toledo, O., says: "One of Prof. Guilmette's French Kidney Pads cured me of Lumbago in three weeks' time. My case had been given up by the best Doctors as incurable. During all this time I suffered untold agony and paid out large sums of money."

CHANCEY VARNER, J. P., Toledo, O., says: "I suffered for three years with Sciatica and Kidney Disease, and often had to go about on crutches. I was entirely and permanently cured after wearing Prof. Guilmette's French Kidney Pads four weeks."

SQUIRE N. C. SCOTT, Sylvania, O., writes: "I have been a great sufferer for 15 years with Bright's Disease of the Kidneys. For weeks at a time was unable to get out of bed; took barrels of medicine, but they gave me only temporary relief. I wore two of Prof. Guilmette's Kidney Pads six weeks, and I now know I am entirely cured."

MRS. HELEN JEROME, Toledo, O., says: "For years I have been confined, a great part of the time to my bed, with Leucorrhœa and female weakness. I wore one of Guilmette's Kidney Pads and was cured in one month."

H. B. GREEN, Wholesale Grocer, Findlay, O., writes: "I suffered 25 years with lame back, and in three weeks was permanently cured by wearing one of Prof. Guilmette's Kidney Pads."

B. F. KENDRICK, M. D., Druggist, Logansport, Ind., in sending an order for Kidney Pads, writes: "I wore one of the first ones we had and I received more benefit from it than anything I ever used. In fact the Pads give better general satisfaction than any kidney remedy we ever sold."

RAY & SNOWBARGER, Druggist, Hannibal, Mo.,: "We are working up a lively trade in your Pads, and are hearing of good results from them every day."

[2-17.-1y.]

☞ For sale at James' Drug Store, Ebensburg.

ROBBED—Thousands of graves are annually robbed of their victims, lives prolonged, happiness and health restored by the use of the great

GERMAN INVIGORATOR

which positively and permanently cures **Impotency** (caused by excesses of any kind), **Seminal Weakness**, and all diseases that follow as a sequence of Self-Abuse, as loss of energy, loss of memory, universal lassitude, pain in the back, dimness of vision, premature old age, and many other diseases that lead to insanity or consumption and a premature grave.

Send for circulars with testimonials free by mail. The **INVIGORATOR** is sold at $1 per box, or six boxes for $5, by all druggists, or will be sent free by mail, securely sealed, on receipt of price by addressing

F. J. CHENEY, Druggist,
137 Summit St., TOLEDO, OHIO.
[2-17.-1y.] Sole Agent for the United States.
☞ For sale at James' Drug Store, Ebensburg.

Prof. Guilmette's FRENCH LIVER PAD

Will positively cure Fever and Ague, Dumb Ague Cake, Bilious Fever, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, and all diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Blood. Price $1.50 by mail. Send for Prof. Guilmette's Treatise on the Kidneys and Liver, free by mail. Address F. J. CHENEY, Druggist, Toledo, Ohio.

☞ For sale at James' Drug Store, Ebensburg, Pa. [2-17.-1y.]

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of M. J. TEITELBAUM, dec'd.

Whereas letters testamentary on the estate of M. J. Teitelbaum, late of Loretto borough, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement without delay.

SOLOMON TEITELBAUM, Executor.
Loretto, Feb. 10, 1882-6t.

BEATTY'S ORGANS, 27 Stops, 10 set Reeds, only $90. Pianos $125 up. Rare Holiday Inducements Ready. Write or call on BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

HOW HER HAIR TURNED WHITE.

I was invited to a lunch party in one of the inland cities of Pennsylvania not long ago, and was much impressed by the appearance of one of the young ladies present. She was not beautiful, but united the striking characteristics of a brilliant fresh complexion, and a profusion of hair white as snow. She was very merry, a good talker, and, I must confess, I contrived to occupy the larger part of her attention.

After bidding adieu to the ladies, I turned to the obliging friend who had been my sponser at these incidental gayeties, and casually remarked of my new acquaintance:

"By jove, what hair! It accents her whole appearance. Wasn't she lucky to achieve it young?"

My friend removed his cigar.

"That depends on how you look at it. I doubt if she wouldn't say to-day that the price was rather large. Do you like stories? I'm minded to tell you one, if you like, about that white hair you admire so much."

We went over to the hotel, and something like this my friend told me:

You have no idea, you city people, the interest we country people take in the courtships of young folks. From the time Henry Wells began to sidle up to Mamie Clausen at church socials, until their marriage in the First Presbyterian church, the entire community gave minute consideration to their affairs. Mamie's father, John Clausen, was and is now a prominent commission merchant, generally considered wealthy, and has always lived at least like a man of means.—Mamie was pretty, dashing, a local belle and a great favorite. Harry's family lived a few miles from town, and they, too, are people of reputation in the county. Old Jack Wells represented us a few times in the Legislature, and has accumulated in one way and another a handsome property.

The marriage was in every way a suitable one. Harry was educated at Princeton, and although he had at one time the reputation of being wild, he had sobered down, and was at any rate such a frank, manly young fellow that he was generally forgiven any indiscretion.

As I say, the marriage was the occasion of general rejoicing. Mamie's father gave her an unusually good send-off, and the details were sent far and wide through the State.—Harry had studied law, although he didn't have much natural inclination for it, and had settled down into a country notary, drawing up deeds and doing back-work of that sort. They lived about four miles out of town, and two miles from old Jack's.—He had built them a pretty modern cottage on a detached portion of his farm, and there they lived as happy as two birds.

Gradually Harry picked up business, and finally through his father became trustee for the Minor heirs. They were an odd lot of children, with a half-crazy mother and no end of coal lands and mining investments.—It was a good thing for Harry, although it gave a naturally lazy man some additional work. The worst thing was that it obliged him to go to Scranton now and then and leave Mamie. You may imagine that there was a good deal of visiting at the house of two such popular young people, and that four-mile stretch of road was generally kept pretty warm. When Harry had to go away Mamie would get in her phaeton and drive in town, and there was always some of the young people ready to go out and keep her company. Harry always insisted that she mustn't stay alone. For a law-abiding State we have a pretty rough element in it, and although we haven't had much to complain of here, there is a general sense of uneasiness.

One August afternoon Harry had an unexpected summons to go to Scranton about a suit connected with the Minor heirs. He had recently sold some of their property, and had been making various collections, which left in his hands about $4,500. When he found he had to go off at a few moments' notice, he wrapped up a bundle of papers and this money and took them into the house. Mamie was making preparations for a picnic they were to go to the next day, and begged them to wait until the day after.

"But, my dear child, I haven't time even to go to town and put these in the bank, so you'll have to take care of them. I'll try and get back in two days at the furthest; meanwhile nobody will know that the money is here."

Then he explained to her the value of the papers and handed her a canvas bag, in which was the $4,500 belonging to the Minor heirs.

"Where will I keep it, Harry? Between the mattresses?"

"Just like a woman! No. But I declare I don't know where to tell you. The most insecure place apparently is often the most secure. Any place, dear, but between the mattresses. I leave that to you. But you must guard it, if necessary, with your life, for remember the money is not ours, and at all hazards I am responsible. I don't really suppose there is the least danger, for no one knows I have it. But one ought to take proper precautions, and I beg of you not to admit any tramps while I am gone. Tell Sarah not even to allow them to stop long enough to eat a biscuit."

"All right, dear; we won't let the tramps have a drink even, and I'll take care of the money, you may be sure."

Harry bade his wife good-bye, and Mamie gave up the picnic. At the end of two days she received a telegram from him, saying he had been detained and telling her to get some one to stay with her for two days, when he would be at home. She drove into town, and one of her old friends went out with her. At the end of two days she had another telegram saying he was detained until the next day. Her friend went home, and in place of Harry came a third telegram, and so every day for ten days he was expected home, and every day came a disappointing telegram. By this time she had become accustomed to her charge, which she had set like a bag of seed-beans in a corner of a dark closet opening from her room. The afternoon of the tenth day was a hot, murky afternoon. Mamie had gone up stairs to take a nap and refresh before dressing to meet Harry, who was expected home after the longest absence he had ever made from her. After a time Sarah came up and told her there was a tramp down stairs who wanted something to eat and who wouldn't be driven off.

"You oughtn't to leave him a minute alone, Sarah. Go down and watch him, and I will come down and send him off."

She dressed herself quickly and went down stairs, surprised to find how late it had grown. When she reached the kitchen she found a messenger with another telegram, which announced another disappointment but the next day without fail, Harry wrote, he would be home. Turning round she saw the tramp—a graceless-looking fellow, unshaven and ill-dressed, who with a certain gentlemanly instinct has risen up as she came in.

"I suppose my girl told you we had nothing for you, and that it will be a great kindness if you will leave as soon as possible," said Mamie.

"Yes, she did just that, madam, but I took it upon myself to believe it wasn't so urgent. The truth is, I'm very hungry and dead tired, and I didn't believe but that you would give me something to eat; at least I've waited to ask you in person."

Women are soft-headed creatures. Mamie went and got him something to eat herself. The darkness that had been increasing for some time came down rapidly, and there burst one of those terrific thunder-storms that gather so suddenly and with such force in this country. After its strength was spent there fell steady sheets of rain that brought Rock Creek over the bridge before morning.

"Madam, it's no use talking. You can't mean to send a fellow out in such a storm," said a tramp as the three stood on the porch watching the storm.

"I'm sorry, but I've no place for you."

"What, in a house like this? It's a pity there isn't a cranny for a stowaway. I was walking around it, waiting for the girl, and it seems to me it ought to be able to hold three people."

"You are very impertinent. I tell you I have no place for you, and the storm is already breaking away."

As she spoke, even the rain came down in blinding sheets, and lightning streaked the heavens.

"Well," he said carelessly, "we don't go much on manners on the road; but I know I wouldn't send a dog out such a night as this. I'm not a particular chap, feastwise not nowadays, and I'll have to insist on your giving me some sort of shelter, if it's only your dog kennel."

The man spoke with decision. Mamie felt that after all they were really in his power, and possibly it might be worth while to do civilly what she would probably have to do at last.

"I will keep you on one condition," she said. "There is a loft to the house, a sort of garret, which is very comfortable. It is closed with trap-door, and you may sleep on the lounge there if you will allow us to lock the door on the outside."

"Bless my stars and garters!" he said, looking at her curiously, "I don't care where you lock the door."

They took him up stairs, and he climbed up the steep attic stairs. The woman shut the door as he politely bade them good night, and they fastened the padlock, hearing him chuckle to himself as he kicked off his boots.

"I'd take the key, mum," said Sarah.

Mamie took the key with her, and the two descended to shut up the house. After they had made everything secure they went back up stairs.

"You must sleep in my room to-night, Sarah," the mistress said. Sarah dragged in her bedding and made a pallet on the floor, and then, after the custom of women, they examined the closets, looked under the bed and piled the chairs against the locked door. The rain was still falling heavily and the night black as ink. The mistress and maid went to bed and, although worried and anxious, finally went to sleep.

After midnight Mamie found herself wide awake and a bright light shinig in the room. She started up and saw that it was the moonlight. The storm had cleared away at last. She got up, unable to compose herself immediately, and went to the window. The moon was indeed shining brightly. As she stood looking at the peaceful scene before her she saw away down the road, for it was as bright as day, several horsemen. It was such an unusual sight at this hour that she stood watching them as they came nearer. To her surprise they turned up the lane leading to their house, and on reaching the gate came into the yard. Now, almost paralyzed with fear, she saw that they were masked. The truth almost blinded her. They knew that she was alone, that she had this money, and they had come to get it. For a moment she was paralyzed. She remembered Harry's last words: "You must guard it with your life if necessary."

She ran to the sleeping Sarah and awakened her. She got down Harry's rifle, which he had loaded and taught her to use. The sleeping girl was soon thoroughly awake, and she explained to her their condition.

"It's the tramp that's done it."

"The' tramp? No. Sarah, the key—the key of the attic."

She flew up the stairs, unlocked the padlock and opened the trap. The tramp sprang up at the sound.

"Come, come with me," she cried.

His own senses alert, and hearing the noise of the horses below and steps about the house, he followed her without a word. At the foot of the stairs she stopped.

"I have a large sum of money in the house and those men have come to get it, thinking I am alone. If they kill me that money must be guarded."

"What have you—pistols, shot-guns?" he whispered, taking in the whole situation.

"Here is my husband's rifle. It is loaded."

"Hist. Where are they going to break in?"

The steps came boldly on the piazza to the front door.

"Get behind me. I will fire at the first man that enters. How many barrels are there?"

"Six, all loaded."

"Very well. Keep this cane in your hand for me in case I need it."

There was no storming of the shutters.—They heard the key applied to the door softly. It opened, and a man followed by two others confidently entered. The first figure walked directly to the stairs. He had taken up a step, when three shots came in rapid succession. There was a heavy thud; this man dropped and the other two fled. Sarah ran to the window and two horses galloped down the lane.

"Don't faint, madam; there's work yet to do," said the tramp.

Mamie caught hold of the rail for support, and then went into the room. "Get a candle, Sarah."

They lighted a candle and gave it to the tramp, who went down stairs, the two women following with brandy and ammonia.—The man had fallen backward and lay with his face up and head toward the door.

"Raise the mask and give him air first madam."

Mamie raised the mask and fell back with a wild shriek. It was her husband, Harry Wells! Do you want to know now why her hair is white? resumed my friend, after a pause.

"It's no use to ask why Harry did it. Motives don't matter in such a case. But she, Mamie—Mrs. Wells—though she has her gray hair, there is no trace of that midnight tragedy in her face," said I. "I believe she was ill for a long time," answered my friend. "They say small-pox cures one of other diseases. Well, some griefs are like the small-pox; they cure one of lesser weaknesses—tenderness of the heart, for example. This, I think, was one of them."

"And the tramp—"

"He and Sarah were of course the witnesses at the inquest. The next day he was off on his journey, and I have never heard of him since."

THE CARPENTER.—The carpenter does everything by rule. It is rule or ruin with him.

The carpenter never deals in fiction. His stories have always foundation.

The carpenter's weapon is the hammer. He uses it to drive the nails home.

The carpenter is not very much of a fisherman, but is very fond of the angle.

Though a strong man the carpenter cannot raise his frame without assistance.

But the carpenter never deserts his friends. He does everything on the square.

Here is another funny thing about the carpenter. His finest work is his plane work.

When a carpenter sells a house he sells the cellar with it. The buyer is also frequently sold.

It is a mistake to suppose that a carpenter ties his frame together with the knots in the timber.

His work is usually constructed on correct models, though he is not always a model man himself.

When hungry, the carpenter can dine off one of his joints, take rabbit plane for entree and his plumb for dessert.

The carpenter, children, is one of the strangest subjects that you ever saw. It grows in interest the mortise studied.

The most celebrated carpenter I ever heard of was the Carpenter of Rouen. You never saw him, but you have seen the ruin of the carpenter, perhaps.

The carpenter's voice is not first-rate for singing. He wants timber. However, he is accurate in his measure, and, if a boss, is careful to keep good time.

With some men, if you give them an inch they will take an ell. The carpenter, on the contrary, will not give you an L until he has taken a great many inches.

The carpenter has many tools. You may anger from this that he has to brace up a bit to keep them awl sharp. This adz to his labor, which should be borne in mind by those who would chisel him out of his earnings.

The carpenter is a pillar of society, and though coping with all sorts of difficulties is seldom floored. He writes no political articles for the columns of the press, excepting now and then something relating to cabinet work.—*Boston Transcript.*

A FABLE.—Two hares who were looking for a change of abode happened to meet at the entrance of a den which had been deserted by a woodchuck.

"I saw it first!" exclaimed one.

"No you didn't. I had my left eye on this place when I saw you with the other."

"Oh! come now that's too thin. As I am the elder I shall take possession."

"Don't be too sure. As I am the stronger I shall turn you out."

"Come to reflect," said the older hare after carefully scratching his ear, "there is no need of a quarrel. Right is right the world over. As we are both sensible hares I think we can come to a perfect understanding."

"No doubt we could," replied the other, "but as there comes the fox, we will ask him to decide between us."

"What's all this row about?" exclaimed the fox as he came up.

"We have a dispute as to which of us is entitled to this vacant burrow."

"Ah! ha! A case of law! You did well to call me in," grinned the fox. "Let me first inspect the disputed claim."

He disappeared down the hole, and was absent so long that the impatient hares finally cried out:

"Hello! you!"

"Hello yourself!" was the impudent reply "Are you down there?"

"You bet I am!"

"Have you decided the case?"

"Long ago. My decision is that when two hares are foolish enough to quarrel over the possession of a burrow large enough for a whole family, the fox is entitled to take possession!"

MORAL—Two neighbors who can't settle a question of equity should call in a lawyer.

A FEW QUESTIONS TO THE MAN WHO DRINKS.—Who had turkey stuffed with oysters, and all the "fixins" Thanksgiving day, you, or the man who sold you whisky and beer?

Who has the fat of the land, all that money can buy, you or the saloon keeper?

Who keeps a horse and takes his wife and children out riding, you or the man who takes your money for drink?

Who wears good clothes, you or the saloon keeper?

Whose children are dressed nicely, and have all that children want to make life comfortable, yours or the saloon keeper's?

Who eats the stale bread because it is cheap?

Who eats cheap meat, buys soup-bones, and everything that is a little poor because it is cheap? Is it the saloon keeper?

When you are hauled up before the Police Justice for being drunk and disorderly whom does the Justice smile upon, bow to, and treat with deference, you or the man who jingles your week's wages in his trowsers pocket?

Who pays your fine, the man who has your money, or your heartbroken wife who has earned a few extra dollars, washing.

What good has ever come to you from drinking?

Has it made you a better man?

Has it made you a better father?

Does your family love you better because you drink?

Do your neighbors show you more respect?

Are the men that get your money friends to whom you can turn in time of need?

Is your head clearer, your soul purer, your intellect brighter, your hand steadier, your pocket fuller, your home happier, when you drink beer and whisky?

These are a few points, of hundreds, for your consideration.

COLDS yield to onions like magic, but Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is a still better and by far more agreeable means of curing a cold or cough. You can buy a bottle for 25 cents at any drug store, and we are sure it will do the work every time.

ROMANCE OF A RAILROAD.

The following chapter is from Mrs. Burnet's story "Through One Administration," published in the *Century* for March. The story is prettily told.

"Just think of those Westoria lands, and what they will be worth if the road is carried through them—and as to romance, what could be more romantic than the story attached to them?" said Richard.

"But I don't know the story," said Bertha, "What is it?"

"It is a very affecting story," he replied, "and it was the story which first called my attention to the subject. There was a poor visionary fellow whose name was Wester, to whom a large tract of this land came suddenly as an inheritance from a distant relative. He was not practical enough to make much use of it, and he lived in the house upon it in a desolate shiftless way for several years, when he had the ill-fortune to discover coal on the place. I say it was ill-fortune, because the discovery drove him wild. He worked, and starved, and planned, and scraped together all the money he could to buy more land, keeping his secret closely for some time. When he could do no more he came to Washington and began to work for a railroad which would make his wealth available. His energy was a kind of frenzy, they say. He neither ate, slept, nor rested, and really managed to get the matter into active movement. He managed to awaken a kind of enthusiasm, and, for a short time, he was a good deal talked of and noticed. He was a big, raw-boned young Westerner, and created a sensation by his very uncouthness in its connection with the wildly fabulous stories told about his wealth. He had among his acquaintances a man of immense influence, and at this man's house he met the inevitable young woman. She amused herself, and she fell madly in love, and became more frenzied than ever. It was said that she intended to marry him if he was successful, and that she made his poor, helpless life such an anguish to him that he lost his balance entirely. There came a time when he was entirely penniless, and his prospects were so unpromising, and his despair so great, that he went to his boarding house one day with the intention of killing himself, and just as he finished loading his pistol a letter was handed in to him, and when he opened it he found it contained the information that another distant relative, affected by the rumors concerning him, had left him twenty thousand dollars. He laid his pistol in a drawer, and left the house to begin again. He had an interview with his lady love, and one with his man of influence, and at the end of a few weeks had bought more land, and had parted in some mysterious way with the rest of his money, and was on the very eve of success. Poor fellow!"

"Poor fellow!" said Bertha. "Oh! don't say that anything went wrong!"

"It would not be half so dramatic a story if everything had gone right," said Richard, with fine artistic appreciation. "You could never guess what happened. Everything he did seemed to work to a miracle; every train was laid and every match applied. On the day that was to decide his fate he did not go near the Capitol, but wandered out and took his place on one of the seats in the park which faced the house at which the young lady was visiting, and sat there, a lank, unshorn, haggard figure, either staring at her window, or leaning forward with his head upon his hands. People actually heard of his being there and went to look at him, and came away without having dared to address him. The young woman looked out from behind her blind and was furious, and even sent word to him to go away. But he would not go, and only glared at the man who was sent to him with the message. He sat there until night, and then staggered across and rang at the bell, and inquired for the man of influence, and was told—what do you suppose he was told?"

"Oh!" cried Bertha, desperately, "I don't know."

"He was told that he was occupied."

"Occupied?" echoed Bertha.

Richard clasped his hands comfortably and gracefully behind his head.

"That's the climax of the story," he said. "He was occupied—in being married to the young woman of whom he had been greatly enamored for some time, and who had discreetly decided to marry him, because he had proved to her that the other man's bill could not possibly pass. It could not pass because he had the energy and influence to prevent its doing so, and he prevented its passing because he knew he would lose the young woman otherwise. At least that is the story, and I like the version."

"I don't like it!" said Bertha. "It makes me feel desperate."

"What it made the poor fellow feel," Richard went on, "nobody ever found out, as he said nothing at all about it. On hearing the truth he sat down on the steps a few minutes and then got up and went away. He went to his boarding-house and had an interview with his landlady, who was a kind-hearted creature, and when she saw him began to cry because his bill had not passed. But when she spoke of it she found he knew nothing of it—he had never asked about it, and he said to her, 'Oh, that doesn't matter; it isn't any consequence particularly; I'm only troubled about your bill. I haven't money enough to pay it. I've only enough to take me home, and you'll have to let me give you the things I have in my room for pay. I only want one thing out of there—if you'll let me go and get it, I won't take anything else.' So she let him go, and stood outside his door and cried, while he went in and took something out of a drawer."

"Richard!" cried Bertha.

"Yes," said Richard. "He actually found a use for it after all, but not in Washington. He went as far as he could by rail, and then he tramped the rest of the way to Westoria. They say it must have taken him several days, and that his shoes were worn to shreds, and his feet cut and bruised by the walk. When he reached the house it had been shut up so long that the honeysuckle which climbed about it had grown across the door, and he could not have got in without breaking or pushing it aside. People fancied that at first he thought of going in, but that when he saw the vine it stopped him—slight barrier as it was. They thought he had intended to go in because he had evidently gone to the door, and before he had turned away had broken off a spray of flowers which was just beginning to bloom—he held it crushed in his hand when they found him two or three days later. He had carried it back to the edge of the porch, and sat down and finished everything with the one thing he had brought back with him from Washington—the pistol. How does that strike you as the romance of a railroad?"

Bertha clenched her hand and struck her knee a fierce little blow.

"Richard," she said, "if that had happened in my day, I should have turned lobbyist, and every thought and power and gift I had would have been brought to bear to secure the passage of that bill."

LAW, NOT JUSTICE.

William Shaw, a respectable tradesman of Edinburgh was blessed with a daughter who had formed a foolish attachment for a young man of bad character. Naturally enough, the father objected to the whole business.—The foolish young woman, growing desperate, stabbed herself. When in the throes of death, in the presence of witnesses, her father appeared, and before expiring she uttered the words, "Cruel father, thou art the cause of my death!" The father, at this accusation, was said to exhibit great agitation.—On the evidence then, of the daughter's dying speech, and the decided alarm which he displayed, the unfortunate father was condemned to the gallows. Apparently no evidence could be more conclusive; but still, be it remembered, it was only "apparently." It was simply, after all, going on the question of precedent. It was only a presumption of fact, grounded on the general belief that the confession of a dying person may always be taken for granted to be true. But circumstance proved otherwise. A year or so afterward, as a new tenant of Shaw's former apartments was rummaging by chance in the room in which Catherine Shaw had died, he accidentally discovered a paper which had fallen into a cavity on one side of the chimney. It was folded as a letter, and on being opened the following confession was brought to light:

"Barbarous Father—Your cruelty having put it out of my power ever to join my fate to that of the only man I could love, and tyrannically insisting upon my marrying one whom I always hated, has made me form a resolution to put an end to an existence which has become a burden to me. I doubt not I shall find mercy in another world, for sure no benevolent Being can require that I should live any longer in torment to myself in this. My death I lay to your charge.—When you read this, consider yourself an inhuman wretch that plunged the murderous knife into the bosom of the unhappy

"CATHARINE SHAW."

For another case might be quoted the famous trial and conviction of Bradford, the innkeeper. Here the evidence which produced conviction consisted of the fact that he was seen standing with a bloody knife in his hand over the body of the murdered man. Bradford was executed, but by a deathbed confession of guilt it subsequently became known that the real murderer was the servant of the victim, who had been tempted to the crime by the knowledge that his unfortunate master was carring a considerable sum of money about his person. Here again, was another case of the fallibility of arguing on precedent. Other undoubted murderers have been convicted because they had been caught red-handed in the presence of their victims. Therefore Bradford was undoubtedly guilty because he was discovered under the same circumstances, and it was quite unnatural to suppose anything to the contrary. As to the well known case of the Courier of Lyons, the Geddeley case and the recent case of Hebron, who fortunately escaped the gallows, there is no need to enter into any particular details, as those already quoted are sufficient for any ordinary purposes of exposition. It may be taken for granted, then, that the lawyer is not always the best, and never at any time the only, judge of the value of evidence.

FOR GIRLS WHO GO BACK ON THE "OLD WOMAN."—"Come here, Sis, and sit down beside me, and let me give you a talking to. I wish to speak to you of your mother. It may be you have seen a care-worn look upon her face lately. Of course it has not been brought there by any act of yours, still it is your duty to try and chase it away. I don't mean for you to 'run at it and shake your skirts and tell it to 'shoo,' as you would a hen, nor do I expect you to get on the other side of the fence and throw old oyster cans and barrel staves at it. But I want you to get up early in the morning and get breakfast, and when your mother comes down and begins to express her surprise, go up to her and kiss her. You can't imagine how, it will brighten up her dear old face. Her face has more wrinkles than yours, far more, and yet if you were sick that face would appear to be as beautiful as an angel's, as it hovered over you, watching every chance to minister to your wants, and every one of these wrinkles would seem to be bright wavelets chasing each other over that dear old face. She will leave you one of these days. These burdens, if not lifted from her shoulders, will break her down. There, don't cry; she has not left you yet. She's in the kitchen stringing beans for dinner, and if you feel so bad you might go and finish them and let her change her dress and rest an hour before dinner. And after dinner you might wash up the dishes while she takes a little nap. Then you might take down her hair and do it up for her. You need not wind it over your finger and fuss to make spit curls as she used to make yours, but give it a gentle brushing and wind it up tenderly as though you enjoyed doing it for her. The gentleman in the parlor can wait until you have performed these duties. If he expresses any impatience you can explain to him that you feel under more obligations to your mother than you do to him."

"SIT" AND "SET."—Many of the agricultural journals are sorely troubled to know whether a hen sits or sets. If some editor of dignity would set a hen on the nest, and the little editors would let her set, it would be well for the world. Now a man, or woman either can set a hen although they cannot sit her; neither can they set on her, although the old hen might sit on them by the hour if they would allow it. A man cannot set on the wash bench, but he could set the basin on it, and neither the basin nor the grammarians would object. He could sit on a dog's tail, if the dog were willing; or he might set his foot on it. But if he should set on the aforesaid tail, or sit his foot there, the grammarians as well as the dog would howl. And yet, strange as it may seem, the man might set the tail aside and then sit down, and neither be assailed by the dog or the grammarians.

SIX YEARS of constant and most excruciating pain from terrible sores all over my body pronounced cancer, and incurable by all except Dr. Hartman. After I was reduced to the faintest ebb of existence PERUNA saved my life and cured me. I am entirely well and doing my house work. I had paid the best and the worst physician over $1,000.
MRS. MILO INGRAM, Allegheny City, Pa.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,
FRIDAY, - - - MARCH 17, 1882.

THE President on Monday last sent a special message to Congress recommending the passage of a compulsory vaccination law.

THE Philadelphia *Record* (Ind.) says that the way to Democratic success in Pennsylvania is practically clear of impediments. All the party needs do to win is to deserve to win. That, in our opinion, is just about the size of it.

THE treasurer of the Irish Land League, Mr. Egan, in a letter from Paris, his headquarters, to a gentleman in New York, under date of February 17, says that up to that time he had received from all sources in America, including $5,000 from Canada, the vast sum of $530,000 for general Land League purposes. Of this sum there yet remains as a reserve fund, $287,000, of which $187,000 is invested in United States government four per cent. bonds, and American railroad first mortgage bonds.

THE general sympathy felt for Sergeant Mason on account of the severity of his sentence for shooting at Guiteau, as noticed elsewhere, springs from the fact that Guiteau is held in universal execration by the American people. Mason's duty was to assist in protecting Guiteau, assassin though he be, from the blind fury of the populace, if necessary, instead of which he deliberately shot at him, just as he, Guiteau, fatally shot at Garfield. If Mr. Arthur should pardon him, however, we presume the country could stand the shock.

SOME time ago we referred to a stringent bill, then before the Legislature of Iowa, forbidding the issuing of free passes on the railroads of that State. As was to be expected, the bill has been defeated, the members being the chief dead-heads on railroads in Iowa, as they are in other States. Here in Pennsylvania the railroad companies, although expressly forbidden to issue such passes, still issue them to members of the Legislature, who accept them, and thus place themselves under obligations to the company, whether they think they are doing so or not.

THE New York *World* of Tuesday last says that rumors were circulated, not only in that city, but at the west, on Saturday and Sunday, that Jay Gould was selling certain stocks, known as the "Gould stocks"—that a crash was coming, that Gould called on CyrusW. Field to help him out of his alleged difficulties, and that in order to settle the matter, Gould invited a number of the largest operators in stocks to his office on Monday last, and there showed them *fifty-three millions* of the securities in question, not even prepared for negotiation, but massed as investments. Gould is literally what Dennis Kearney called him and so often held up to the execration of his "sand-lot" hearers, "a bloated bondholder."

ON Monday last the President nominated to the Senate Judge Samuel Blatchford, of New York city, as an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. This is a nomination in every way fit to have been made, and is infinitely better than the nomination of either Conkling or Edmunds, the former of whom is not a good enough lawyer for the place, and the latter, although a good lawyer, is entirely too much given, in his speeches in the Senate, to what is known as "hair-splitting," ever to make a safe and reliable Judge. On the same day Mr. Arthur nominated John Russell Young as Minister to China. This is a favor shown to Grant, whom Young accompanied in his trip around the world. He is well known as a journalist of ability, and we should judge is well qualified for the position.

THE indictment against Dorsey, Brady and others, one of the Star route conspiracy cases, is a most remarkable document. It contains but *one* count and covers *eighty-four* closely-written pages of foolscap. It was written by Edward Ker, Esq., who was lately an Assistant to the Democratic District Attorney of Phil'a and specially appointed by Mr. Brewster, Attorney General of the United States, to assist in the preparation of the Star route cases. Dorsey and Brady will be defended by some of the ablest criminal lawyers in the country, among whom will be E. B. Carpenter, who was the leading counsel for the prosecution several years ago in the celebrated trial of Matt. Ward, a young rowdy belonging to an aristocratic Louisville family, who shot and killed a school-teacher for having slightly punished his young brother for misconduct in the school-room.

GENERAL ROSECRANS is a pretty old man but he don't seem to be old enough to know that he is being used as the catspaw of the enemies of the Garfield idea.—*Altoona Tribune.*

Gen. Garfield who in 1863 was chief of Gen. Rosecrans' staff in Tennessee, wrote a letter to Mr. Chase, then Secretary of the Treasury, severely criticising his superior officer for delaying military operations in his department. After Chase died, this letter was handed by Chase's private secretary to Mr. Dana, editor of the New York *Sun*, who in his paper late in 1879 made some reference to it, though he did not publish it, which drew from Garfield a letter to Rosecrans, dated Jan. 19, 1880, in which he said that any charge, "whether it comes from Dana or any other liar,' that he had been unfaithful to him (Rosecrans) was destitute of truth. Mr. Dana published the letter a week or ten days ago for the first time, and then General Rosecrans first learned of its existence and of Garfield's peculiar method of prejudicing a member of Mr. Lincoln's cabinet against him. And now the *Tribune* which regards Garfield as a demi-god, modestly but falsely asserts that Rosecrans without knowing it is being used as "a catspaw of the enemies of the Garfield idea." Is the "Garfield idea" synonymous with or a convertible term for duplicity and treachery?

SO FAR as we have observed the expression of opinion by the Democratic press, regarding the next State convention, it is undoubtedly against holding it at as early a day as has generally been the case with perhaps two exceptions, the convention at Erie in September '75 being one of them. Our own opinion is that the convention ought to be held not more than three months before the election, which would be in the forepart of August. The demand for an early convention is always placed upon the ground that sufficient time must be given before the election for the purpose of effecting a thorough party organization in the different counties. Conceding this to be true, we have only to say that a chairman of a county committee who can't perform his duties in that respect inside of *three* months, so as to have the Democrats in his county eager and ready for the fray, ought to resign his position in favor of some one who can. Two essential things are required—intelligent and honest delegates to the convention—men who can look abroad over the whole State for candidates, and not confine their political vision to a circumscribed, or to use a better word, a home circle; then the candidates must be such that no Democrat when he votes for them will do so under a sort of protest. They must be men whose characters are pure and unassailable, and for whom a vote can be cast with a clear conscience. We are also of the decided opinion, as we have always heretofore been, that the convention should meet at Harrisburg. We never yet heard a good reason why a State convention should be held elsewhere, It has frequently been done, we know, but we could never see its propriety, or that any possible advantage was gained by it.

GEN. JACOB D. COX, of Ohio, who filled the office of Secretary of the Interior during a portion of Grant's first term, read a paper one day last week before the ex-army and navy society of Cincinnati in opposition to any steps being taken either by the President or Congress for the relief of Fitz John Porter. This is a very contemptible business for Cox to be engaged in. He is a lawyer of good repute. Suppose he was counsel for a man indicted for larceny—that his client was convicted on circumstantial evidence and sentenced to the penitentiary for a term of years—that after having served out one-half of his term, Cox, his attorney, would discover evidence clear and undoubted of his innocence—that with this evidence he went before the Governor of Ohio and asked that his client should be released from prison—wouldn't he think it a rough piece of business if the Governor refused to interfere? This is substantially Fitz John Porter's case as reported on by Generals Schofield, Terry and Getty, who were as much prejudiced against Porter when they entered upon the thorough investigation they made of his case as Cox is even now in the face of their report. *They* said in that report that instead of Porter acting the part of a traitor at the second battle of Bull Run, in 1862, he had really saved Pope's army from a much worse defeat than it actually suffered. Their report convinced Grant of Porters's innocence, and he said so in a letter to the President, but Cox's unbelief would not likely be removed by anything short of a revelation from heaven.

THE appeals of Irish tenants for relief from the cruel exactions of landlordism, have commenced to exert an influence among the people of Wales, who have always been loyal to the British Government. A reduction of rent is demanded by the tenants in Cardiganshire, and circulars printed in the Welsh language are being distributed throughout the shire, or county, in which the following advice is given to the tenants: "You tenants, groaning under heavy burdens ask your landlord or his agents to reduce your rents. If a refusal is made, give notice to quit, and if others take your farms we will proclaim it through the country, and not give the new tenants quietness until they leave the farms." This language is easily understood, and if the movement it represents once takes a foothold, a leader will become a necessity, aWelsh Davitt or Parnell will appear to fight the battle of the oppressed tenants against the landlords, to be followed in the end by the passage of a Welsh coercion act by Parliament, which would be something new under the sun. This, however, is a wonderful age.

THE San Francisco *News Letter* publishes the following imaginary leaf from the diary of the Emperor of Russia, who is a prisoner in his own palace, fearing to appear in public on account of Nihilist conspiracies against his life:

Got up at 7 A. M. and ordered my bath. Found four gallons of vitriol in it and did not take it. Went to breakfast. The Nihilists had placed two torpedoes on the stairs, but I did not step on them. The coffee smelt so strongly of Prussic acid that I was afraid to drink it. Found a scorpion in my left slipper, but luckily shook it out before putting it on. Just before stepping into the carriage to go for my morning drive it was blown into the air, killing the coachman and the horses instantly. I did not drive. Took a light lunch off hermetically sealed American canned goods. They can't fool me there. Found a poisoned dagger in my favorite chair, with the point sticking out. Did not sit down on it. Had dinner at 6 P. M. and Baron Laiseshonnowonski taste every dish. He died before the soup was cleared away. Consumed some Baltimore oysters and some London stout that I have had locked up for five years. Went to the theatre and was shot at three times in the first act. Had the entire audience hanged. Went home to bed and slept all night on the roof of the palace.

THE anti-Chinese bill passed the Senate last week by a vote of 29 yeas to 45 nays nine members favorable to the bill being paired with nine against it. The measure provides that until the expiration of twenty years after its passage the coming of Chinese laborers to the United States shall be suspended, and prescribes a penalty of imprisonment not exceeding one year and a fine of not more than $500 against the master of any vessel who brings any Chinese laborers to this country during that period. It also prohibits the naturalization of a Chinaman by any United States or State Court. Nearly all the Democratic members of the Senate, together with nine Republicans voted for the passage of the bill.

OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

THE GAME OF "DRAW"—INVESTIGATING THE DEVIL—DECIDEDLY PROBLEMATICAL—CAMERON, RANDALL & CO.—SHERMAN'S PETTY THIEVING—POOR JIMMIE BLAINE—RATHER SUGGESTIVE—"CULTURED" MASSACHUSETTS, ETC.

[*Regular Correspondence of* THE FREEMAN.]

PHILADELPHIA, March 13, 1882.

DEAR HENRY—Allow me to interview you, by putting to you a few interrogatories. Did you ever indulge in the mysterious game familiarly known as "*poker*," but more affectionately known by its devotees as, the *game of draw*? Have you ever, like the "Mill Boy of the Slashes," the inventor of the game, sat behind a "bob-tail flush," or felt the supreme confidence of a good Christian man when fortified by a hand that held "four aces?" This great American game has become so popular in England that the whole realm of Victoria has fallen a prey to its blandishments. London journals inform us that our English cousins have become infatuated with the game, and that the craze over is wild. All of which honor, if it is an honor, is due to the great "American Gift-Taker." While the ex-President himself is not the inventor of the "game of draw," he sent a representative to England who knew more about "poker" than he did about diplomacy;" and although the ex-Minister may have been the direct instrument, yet the ex-President is responsible. The American Minister taught the English Prince of Wales the *modus operandi* of the American game, and the Prince proved to be an apt pupil under his competent instructor. The game of "draw poker" became the shibboleth of the Prince's popularity, and the game is now a popular amusement, counting its victims among women as well as men, and reaching every grade of society. The retired chieftain can contemplate the consequences of his work, now that the realm of the English Queen has fallen a prey to the blandishments of the desolating game of "draw." The half-breeds seem never to have considered the breadth and depth of this Stalwart assault upon the morals of an unoffending nation. It was a hapless day when the American Minister introduced the game of "poker" in England. Many were the sins of commission as well as of omission laid at the door of ex-President Grant's administrationi yet few people are aware of the grave consequences of the appointment of General Schenck as Minister to the Court of St. James.

THE DEVIL TO BE INVESTIGATED.

I am rejoiced to learn that "Old Scratch" is going to catch it at last. The old fellow has been having it pretty much his own way for a long time, but he will soon be brought to bay. The Rev. Moses Hull, of Erie, is going to investigate the Devil. The Reverand gentleman is determined to show when and how the Devil was made and what is finally to become of him. Good for the Rev. Moses Hill! I am rejoiced, as will be the people of the whole world, to gain a knowledge on these points. The origin, habits and destiny of that old fellow have long been in obscurity. He is a mischievous, troublesome old cuss, and it is full time that he should be investigated.

DECIDEDLY PROBLEMATICAL.

It is much to be feared that unless the distinguished Keifer and his trusted lieutenants Robeson and Randall, manage things better, that Grant will continue on the retired list without a pension. It would seem that the passage of the Grant retirement bill through the House is decidedly problematical. In all seriousness the status of the Grant bill is not what it ought to be for the man who whipped the Confederacy single-handed and alone, and is left by his ungrateful country to wrestle with poverty in his old age. If all indications can be relied on, Keifer is enduring the pangs of purchased greatness. He is now called upon to render a substantial return for the exertion of the Stalwart influences, which made him Speaker, by landing Grant high and dry on a pension of $13,500 per year. But there are some troublesome elements to be placated before he can do so. So far as Mr. Keifer himself is concerned, he has no conscientious scruples as to voting this handsome pension to the man who saved the country single-handed and alone, but Gen. Sherman is not well disposed toward Grant, being stricken, it is said, with the aesthetic impulse of jealousy. The jealous General has also a brother John who, although he voted for the bill in the Senate, is religiously opposed to the retirement of the great gift-taker. There are also other individuals not unknown to fame from Ohio, and who have influence in politics and represent in that State a formidable Stalwart influence. Keifer did all the Stalwarts had any right to demand when he packed the military committee for Grant. He is not able to deliver the House, which exhibits a desire to kick over the committee and prance around its prostrate remains. So the condition of the retirement bill in the House is decidedly problematical.

CAMERON, RANDALL & CO.

The indications are that the coming Democratic campaign in Pennsylvania is to be conducted by Cameron and Randall as a partnership affair against the Independent Republicans. The Democratic candidates to be put up are not to be offensive to Mr. Cameron. He, it appears, is to be the Democratic campaign manager for the State of Pennsylvania as well as the Republican campaign manager. A Democratic caucus for selecting a national committee, proposed Governor Curtin as a member of that committee, but it was objected to for the reason that it would make Mr. Cameron mad. The placing of Mr. Curtin on the Democratic national committee would madden Mr. Cameron, but the placing of Mr. Randall in his stead on the committee would gladden Mr. Cameron. The Cameron Democrats prevailed and Mr. Randall was chosen. So it appears that Senator Don Cameron is the Democratic campaign manager for theState of Pennsylvania as well as manager for his own party. The Pennsylvania Democrats don't seem to be afraid of making Senator Mitchell mad, as they didn't consult him. When it was said that the selection of Curtin would surely make Cameron mad, two Democrats had the unblushing effrontery to say, "Then let us take Mr. Curtin," but the Cameron Democrats prevailed, Curtin was dropped and Randall taken. Besides having Mr. Randall on the national committee, that he may be elected its chairman, and thus have the directing of it through the gubernatorial campaign. The contest in the formation of the new Democratic city committees sharper and fiercer then any thing of the kind known for years. The fact that this committee will have the control of the Philadelphia Democracy during the gubernatorial campaign distinguishes the interests and issues at stake beyond those that are merely incidental in what are known as 'off years,'

SHERMAN'S PETTY THIEVERIES—EXPLANATORY EPISTLES.

Ex-Secretary of the Treasury, now U. S. Senator, John Sherman, has been busy writing epistles marked "confidential" to his personal friends, who promptly give them to the press, in a futile attempt to make the public believe he was innocent of the irregularities in the disposal of the contingent fund charged against him. There is also such an odium attaching to Senator Windom when he was at the head of the Treasury Department in carefully suppressing testimony before the investigating committee, that he will also be issuing explanatory epistles. During the progress of the investigation the fact of Mr. Windom having suppressed damaging evidence against Mr. Sherman was developed. This development that Mr. Windom had suppressed certain important portions of the statement made by Mr. O. L. Pitney, the custodian of the contingent fund, caused the committee to summon Mr. Pitney before it as a witness, whose statement respecting the manner in which the ex-Secretarys political head-quarters in Washington for conducting his campaign for the Presidential nomination at Chicago, is such as will require a thicker coat of whitewash than that recently so vigorously applied by one of his retained journalistic news purveyors to cleanse his reputation. Mr. Pitney's statement leaves both ex-Secretaries Sherman and Windom in a most unenviable light. Pitney's statement exposes the meanest and most contemptible system of petty thieving from the public treasury that can be conceived of. Sherman's thieving appears the more contemptible and picayunish when it is well known that he is a millionaire. Mr. Pitney's sworn statement cannot be controverted. It is a lengthy and comprehensive one, and gives details of Sherman's petty pilferings from the contingent fund which are very damaging to a millionaire holding the high position of Secretary of the Treasury. The statement of Pitney, late custodian of the Treasury contingent fund is a most flagrant expose of the method employed to keep the two aesthetical gentlemen who last held the Treasury portfolio supplied with bouquets by buying them with the contingent fund and charging them as ice. "Where will such official thieves as Sherman and Windom die when they go to." These two "economical" financiers, who have recently been at the head of the Treasury and entered public life without a bank account, now count their gains by many millions.

THE DISTINCTION OF THE LETTER G.

"Quiz" says: No one has noticed how much distinction has been accorded of late to the letter G. It seems to go in couples. In England there is Gladstone and Granville; in France there is Gambetta and Grevy, and in America we have Grant and Garfield. As Grant faded from sight the letter G. grew lurid on the literary horizon with the terrible name of Guiteau. "Quiz" thinks that the latter name will not be forgotten.

POOR JIMMIE BLAINE.

It is sad that Jimmie in his eulogy on Garfield should take such unwarrantable liberties with ancient and modern history. The soft cadences of his mellow voice had scarcely died away in the fretted roof of the Capitol till he was summoned to the bar of criticism in various quarters. Before many of the men and women of America had read with varying emotions the carefully pruned paragraphs of his essay, the St. Louis *Daily Post* editor challenged his biblical lore. He says: "No man who misquotes scripture as badly as Blaine did shall have my vote." Gen. Rosecrans sharply criticises him for charging that the dead Garfield found the army of the Cumberland torn by dissensions and by his magic touch brought harmony out of wrangling and confusion. Public iconoclasts have dashed and tumbled Jimmie's masterpiece to earth, and, not satisfied, ate hacking off its rounded and polished ornaments. The editor of the Macon *Messenger* says: "Mr. Blaine's attempt to make Garfield a heroic soldier by reason of his unimportant collision with Humphrey Marshall, exhibits a want of familiarity with facts, or a disregard of them, which might have been considered ridiculous on any other occasion." It says further: "There were perhaps no two men in the United States less fitted to make soldiers than Garfield and Marshall." At the end of that skirmish at long range, resulting in casualties hardly exceeding twenty disabled on both sides, "Humphrey Marshall ran seven miles one way and landed in the Confederate Congress, and James A. Garfield ran fifteen miles the other way, and found rest and shelter in the United States Congress." This is the truth of history. If out of this military heroes can be made, had we not best go back and raise the statues of Napoleon and Wellington an inch or two higher in the temple of fame? Neither Garfield nor Marshall will live in history as great warriors. Neither was the proper timber out of which to make a great soldier. If Gen. Rosecrans was tardy in his military operations, he was certainly very prompt in emphatically characterizing Mr. Garfield's letter as untruthful. Gen. Rosecrans resented Mr. Blaine's assault with a promptness singularly at variance with his military sluggishness. Mr. Blaine has done more to discredit the memory of his dead friend than to honor it.

When two such distinguished doctors differ as granny Hoar and Fred. Grant, who shall decide? Hoar says Conkling is unfit to be judge, and Col. Grant says he is eminently fitted for the position. Conkling's reason for declining the gown is a good one. If by some constitutional quibble Guiteau's case should come before him, he could not in the gown face the man that put the gown upon him. The Stalwarts draw well in the "lottery of assassination." Conkling a gown, Grant a pension, Sargeant a ministership, and Jack Logan's son a paymastership in the army.

The most solemn farce that has lately been enacted at Washington was a dozen or so officers of various grades rigged out in full uniform with swords, sashes, epaulets, and all the paraphrenalia of dress parade, to try Sergeant Mason for shooting at Guiteau. Not one of them probably could give a correct definition of the crime with which the prisoner was charged, or the weight of evidence necessary for conviction; but there they sat, clearing the room now and then of spectators for the purpose of consultation. There was no excuse for trying Mason by a court-martial. He was guilty of only a slight offense against military law, but had committed a grave offense against the laws of the District of Columbia, and on a spot clearly within the jurisdiction of its courts.

RATHER SUGGESTIVE.

John Sherman's former colleague, ex-Senator Thurman, retires to private life poorer than when he went into public life. Twenty years ago, Blaine, Sherman, Allison, Windom and Wilson were all Republican members of the House together. They were all poor at that time—very poor. Blaine is now a millionaire; Allison is a millionaire; Wilson is a millionaire; Windom is a millionaire and Sherman is trebly a millionaire. There is much food for reflection in the fact that these gentlemen managed to become wealthy on the same salary that Mr. Thurman grew poor on.

"CULTURED" MASSACHUSETTS.

An industrious statistician has been engaged in comparing sexual crimes in "cultivated" Massachusetts for the last four years, and the exhibit is anything but complimentary to the morality of the Bay State. Illegitimate births and divorces increased much more rapidly than did the population of the State. The labors of the free lovers in Massachusetts have not been in vain in a State which has always been ready to look into the morals of the rest of the world. At the meeting of the New England Free Love League the other day in Boston, it resolved that polygamy as practiced by the Mormons should be endorsed. Claiming to be a veritable vestal in chastity, the home of the Pilgrim Fathers is developing into a pariah. G. N. S.

A Clear Complexion

can be had by every lady who will use Parker's Ginger Tonic. Regulating the internal organs and purifying the blood it quickly removes pimples and gives a healthy bloom to the cheek. Read about it in other column.

TWO SUPPRESSED TELEGRAMS.

INTERESTING REMINISCENCES OF THE REIGN OF EDWIN M. STANTON.

The excitement over the recently published Garfield-Rosecrans letters, which continue to form a topic of conversation just now, brings to the surface a hitherto forgotten fact which will tend to further illustrate the friendship and affection which existed between Garfield and Rosecrans nearly a year after the date of the letter published in the *Sun* was written. It will be remembered that Gen. Garfield was elected a delegate from Ohio to the Baltimore convention in 1864, which nominated President Lincoln.—After that had been effected Garfield, remembering his old general, telegraphed to Rosecrans, who was then in St. Louis, as follows: "Vice Presidency going a begging, will you accept?" General Rosecrans handed the telegram to a well known major general who was in his office at the time, and said: "What would you advise?" His friend advised him to wire his acceptance, which was done. This answer was never received by General Garfield, and it was afterward ascertained that it had been suppressed by Stanton, then Secretary of War, who vised every telegram at that time. As a consequence Andrew Johnson received the nomination which General Rosecrans would undoubtedly have received had his answer reached Garfield, and the following events of Lincoln's death would have placed him in the President's chair, which was subsequently filled by Johnson. The suppression of the telegram lost General Rosecrans the Presidency. With reference to the suppression of telegrams the following authentic statement is given by a prominent participator in the occurrence. Just prior to the battle of Fredericksburg, while General Burnside was in command, General Rufus A. Ingalls, who was quartermaster of the army of the Potomac, and another distinguished General desired to telegraph to Senator Nesmith, of Oregon, then in Washington, a private matter. They were well aware of the espionage of the War Department, and how to convey the desired information to their friend puzzled them for a while. A brilliant idea seized them, however, to send it in the Chenook tongue, which they, being old Pacific coast officers, were conversant with. They were also aware that Senator Nesmith understood it. The dispatch was accordingly sent in that tongue, directed to the Senator and signed "Ingalls." It fell into Stanton's hands. All the experts and linguists in the country were handed the mysterious telegram. Stanton could read it. Stanton became suspicious, and worried and desperate, and finally sent to New York for experts. None could translate it. After four days had elapsed Stanton addressed a note to the Senator to call at the War Department, and on his arrival handed him the telegram and demanded to know its purport. Nesmith, who, as well known, was a thorough War Democrat and friend of Lincoln, looked at the date of the dispatch and after reading its contents assumed his Senatorial dignity, and went for Stanton in a severe tongue-lashing, and refused to tell him the contents. Nesmith immediately went over to the White House and protested against Stanton. Old Abe asked what was the nature of the dispatch from "Rufe." Nesmith, translating it, read as follows: "We are going to have a battle in a few days. Send us all out of whisky. Come down and bring some, and we will have a nice little game of poker." Lincoln laughed heartily and said: "Go down, I will give you a pass for yourself and friends." Nesmith with a party went down, taking sufficient commissary along, and for several days enjoyed himself. While they were all sitting in the tent on night engaged in the seductive American game of poker, the orderly brought in a telegram for Gen. Ingalls, which read as follows: "Gen. Ingalls, if you ever send a dispatch in such language again, you will be cashiered from the service.—E. M. Stahton." Ingalls tossed the message to Nesmith, who, on reading it, replied, "Stanton ain't President of the United States yet by a d——d sight."—*Washington Post.*

THE worst service that could have been done to the memory of General Garfield was to revive the discussion of his relations with General Rosecrans, whose chief of staff he was when that fine soldier commanded the Army of the Cumberland. The statement was made a long while ago that Rosecrans' removal from his command was due to Garfield's influence, both of them denied this and when the subject was recalled by Blaine's eulogium General Rosecrans was rather disposed to defend Garfield from the assumption of meddle-someness and quoted a letter in which Garfield wrote to him long before: "I have never been untrue to you in thought, word or deed, Dana or any other liar to the contrary notwithstanding." The publication of this single sentence may have been well meant, but it produced the effect that might have been expected. The editor of the New York *Sun* is a dangerous man to assail. He has a fatally accurate memory and while rarely attacking without cause he will defend himself relentlessly. His method in this case was characteristically complete. He wrote not one word of comment, but quietly produced from his pigeon-holes and printed a letter written by Garfield to Secretary Chase in July, 1863, when Mr. Dana was in the War Department, which is certainly one of the most extraordinary documents ever penned by a military man.

TWO ELOPEMENTS FROM ONE HOUSE.—The inhabitants of the quiet little village of Port Washington, on Manhasset Bay, L. I., have been startled by two elopements, and the whole township of North Hempstead is profoundly agitated. The principals are people who move in the best society of the township. The women are sisters-in-law and lived in the same house. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schenck had not been married a year. He was a carriage-maker in good circumstances. Mrs. Schenck, it is alleged, became enamored of a young married man in Brooklyn. On Monday she started ostensibly to visit some friends in New York. But she met the young man in Brooklyn, and together they departed for parts unknown.—Mr. and Mrs. George W. Fleet were older married people, having three children—one twelve years old. John Mackey, an oyster planter, was Mrs. Fleet's choice and on Thursday it is said they eloped to New York. Mrs. Fleet has made her whereabouts known in a letter to her daughter, asking her to go to her. The husbands have not evinced any desire to go after them.—*N. Y. World.*

SOURCE OF THE GARFIELD-CHASE LETTER.—The Washington *Star* of Monday publishes the following: "It is stated in a responsible quarter that the letter written to ex-Secretary Chase by General Garfield, touching General Rosecrans, recently made public, was given out by Mr. Jacob W. Schuckes. Mr. Schuckes now lives in New York city. At the time Mr. Chase was Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Schucks lived in Ohio and was appointed from that State by Secretary Chase to a $1,600 clerkship. Subsequently he became Mr. Chase's private secretary. It is also said he has other letters bearing on the removal of Gen. Rosecrans, written by ex-President Garfield, which will be made public at an early day."

"FEMALE COMPLAINTS."

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—I was sick for six years, and could scarcely walk about the house. My breath was short and I suffered from pain in the breast and stomach all the time; also from palpitation and an internal fever, or burning sensation, and experienced frequent smothering or choking sensations. I also suffered from pain low down across my bowels and in my back, and was much reduced in flesh. I have used your "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Favorite Prescription," and feel that I am well. Very respectfully,

DELILAH B. MCMILLAN,
Arlington, Ga.

A LIFE SAVING KISS.—A very pretty story is told by the Louisville *Courier-Journal* to the effect that an infant child of Joseph Meyer, of that city, had apparently died after a brief illness, and the mourning family and friends were around it, when the child's brother, about ten years old, bent over the little one's body and kissed the pallid lips. The baby's mouth was slightly open and in kissing her the boy's breath was blown down her throat. The little lips suddenly moved, there were several sudden gasps, and respiration was resumed. At last accounts the child was alive and is still improving.

ONE EXPERIENCE FROM MANY.—I had been sick and miserable so long and had caused my husband so much trouble and expense, no one seemed to know what ailed me, that I was completely disheartened and discouraged. In this frame of mind I got a bottle of Hop Bitters and used them unknown to my family. I soon began to improve and gained so fast that my husband and family thought it strange and unnatural, but when I told them what had helped me, they said, "Hurrah for Hop Bitters! long may they prosper, for they have made mother well and us happy."—*The Mother.*

THE perseverance of some women in accomplishing whatever they undertake is illustrated in the case of a Georgia woman who has, after three years of labor, completed a bed-quilt composed of nearly four thousand pieces.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—Dr. Lewis, a Chicago opponent of vaccination, has died of small-pox.

—If you have the chills take PERUNA. If you expect or fear them take PERUNA.

—Mrs. Mary McElroy, 106 years of age, was burned to death in Greensburg, Ind., Saturday night.

—An ewe belonging to James Cochran, of Salem township, Westmoreland county, recently dropped four well-developed lambs.

—A farmer named Connell and his wife were shot in the legs at Teacle, County Clare, Ireland. It is expected they will die.

—The Lock Haven *Express* says that a niece of Benedict Arnold, Mrs. Anna Rhone, resides in that city. She is over 80 years old, and a medicine of real merit, prescribed by many leading physicians and universally recommended by those who have used it, as a true tonic is, Brown's Iron Bitters.

—Frank Krass, a workman, jumped from the fifth story of a building in Attorney street, New York, on Sunday, in which a fire had broken out and was killed.

—Archbishop McCabe, of Dublin, has issued a pastoral letter denouncing the recent outrages in Ireland and stigmatizing secret associations as encouraging murders.

—A three story building was dismantled by the wind at Bolivar, N. Y., on Saturday. The whole structure collapsed, burying four men, two of whom were taken out dead.

—Small-pox has become epidemic in South Bethlehem, this State. Seventy cases of that disease and also a number of cases of pneumonia are reported. The schools have been closed.

—Mrs. James Foster, of Thomson, Susquehanna county, who is 66 years old, during the past year wove 906 yards of cloth, and took care of the milk and butter produced by ten cows.

—Artie Armstrong, of Petrolia, Butler county, committed suicide on Wednesday of last week by shooting. He was only twelve years of age, and no cause can be assigned for the act.

—Guiteau, it appears, has about resigned himself to the inevitable. The money-making faculty is still strong within him, as he continues to sell autographs and photographs to visitors.

—The London *Engineer* pronounces the block system of railroad signals a failure. If so the Pennsylvania railroad company, which has the best managed line in the country, has not found it out.

—A lad named Mills, son of a widow lady residing in East Tyrone, Blair county, was caught between two cars on Wednesday of last week and had one of his legs so terribly crushed that he died the same night.

—Miss Lizzie Burton, of Clinton, Ill., a highly-accomplished and beautiful young belle of 18, has just returned home after a short visit to the Joliet Penitentiary. She has stolen 16 horses in her short but eventful career.

—The tortures of neuralgic pains, sick and nervous headache, are instantly banished by the use of Dr. Faust's German Cure for Neuralgia and Headache. Guaranteed to relieve. Ask druggists. For sale by E. James, Ebensburg, Pa. [4-1,'81.-e.o.w.1y.]

—Finley McKenny, supposed to be very poor, was dying at Morgantown, Ky. With his last breath he told his wife to break an old jug that had long stood in the grim of the smokehouse. She did so, and $1,200 in gold and silver rolled out.

—Services were disturbed by a drunken man in the Lutheran church at Black River, Wis. The minister walked coolly down from the platform, seized the offender, threw him outdoors, and resumed his sermon as though nothing had happened.

—Miller, the convict who escaped from the Western penitentiary by concealing himself in a shoe box and fled to Canada, arrived at Pittsburgh in charge of officers at about midnight on Saturday night, having been brought back on extradition papers.

—It is stated that a caucus of the Irish Catholic members of the Dominion Parliament will be held shortly to draft a memorial to the Queen, praying that the suspects be released, and that Ireland be placed on the same free footing as Canada.

—A crowd surrounded a barn in Park Place, near Scranton, on Sunday, with the intention of lynching Daniel Wagner, aged fifty-five years, who had assaulted an eight-year-old girl, and who was hiding there. He was rescued by officers and sent to jail.

—Mrs. Lydia N. Johnson, of Paradise township, Lancaster county, has sued Daniel Espendale, of the same township, for $5,000. Mr. Espendale charged that while taking up a collection in church recently the widow abstracted twenty-five cents from the plate; hence the suit.

—One child has died and three persons are sick of a mysterious disease in one house, in Winchester, Mass. A consultation of physicians, held on Wednesday of last week, resulted in the decision that these now sick have the cerebro-spinal meningitis, but no conclusion was reached regarding the child.

—Alfred Betts married Mary O'Connor, a mere child of but 15, at Erie, Pa. He maltreated her continually, ending in ejecting her from the house during the night. Overwhelmed with despair and grief, the child-wife returned in a few days and swallowed a dose of arsenic in a desperate effort at suicide.

—A dastardly attempt was made at New Orleans, Saturday night, to cut the levee within the city limits. Timely discovery was made and the cut filled, the overflow of a large portion of the city being thereby prevented. The perpetrator has not yet been discovered.

—Mrs. W. C. Mills, who was badly scalded in the explosion of the steam pipe on the steamer Sidney, near Ravenswood, W. Va., last Friday, died of her injuries at Belaire, Ohio, on Monday evening. Mrs. Mills' death swells the list of victims of this disaster to nine.

—A girl at Pekin, Ill., was about to be married to a young sweetheart. A man in the neighborhood heard of it, and told her mother that, as his wife was going to die soon, he would marry the girl himself, if she would wait. As he was rich, the bargain was made, and in three months the wedding took place.

—On Saturday, Isaac Kendrick shot his wife twice and killed her, at their home, two miles east of Grant station, northeast of Indianapolis, Ind. He remained with the dead woman all night. He was arrested on Sunday morning. He is a brakeman of bad reputation, and is said to have been jealous of his wife.

—Five laborers started to cross the Ohio river on Monday evening in a skiff at McKee's Rocks, just below Pittsburg. The boat capsized when near the Allegheny shore and the men were thrown into the water. Two named Murphy and Shields were drowned. The other three swam ashore greatly exhausted.

—On Saturday William F. Robins, aged twelve years, and his sister, Jennie, aged 8 ran away from the home of their father, W. S. Robins, of Wyoming. The boy ran off once before, when he was nine years old, and remained away two years. Their mother ran away from home several years ago, and has not returned.

—A Denver and Rio Grande engine became uncontrollable at Leadville on Saturday and ran down a heavy grade at about fifty miles an hour. It jumped the track about fifty feet from a train crowded with passengers and was dashed to pieces. No one was hurt, the engineer and fireman of the runaway engine having escaped by jumping.

—A special dispatch to the Cincinnati *Commercial* from Belleville, W. Va., says the Ohio river steam packet Sidney burst her steam pipe below the town of Ravenswood, on Friday morning, killing three persons and wounding fifteen. The steamer Graham went up the river from the scene of the disaster for physicians and coffins.

—A dog stole a piece of meat from Stranahan's butcher shop at Holly, Michigan, and the man threw a knife at the thief, which killed him. The owner of the dog prosecuted Stranahan for cruelty, the town became excitedly divided in sentiment, the trial employed the best legal talent in the county, and the butcher was finally fined $10.

—Quivel John Kenyon, a farmer of Ashantee, Wis., originally had only one story. When his son married he added a story for the accommodation of the new family, and a third was put on when his grandson took a wife. He is now eighty years old, and it is therefore unlikely that the building will be further heightened for a great-grandson, though he hopes so.

—On Thursday night Wilson Rothenberger, of Emaus, Berks county, got his foot fastened between the rails on the East Pennsylvania Railroad, near that place, and all his efforts failed to extricate himself. A train was approaching which would certainly have run him down, but his cries for help attracted passers-by. The approaching train was signalled and the man released.

—A daring attempt was made by unknown parties one night last week to murder Geo. E. Mattux and family, in Prince George county, Va., by chloroforming them while asleep and then setting fire to the house. It was with difficulty that the occupants were gotten out. Mattux's store was next pillaged and set on fire. Both residence and store were entirely consumed with all their contents.

—The court-martial in the case of Sergeant Mason, who shot at Guiteau, rendered the following sentence from Governor's Island on Thursday: "Sentence: To be dishonorably discharged from the service of the United States, with the loss of all pay and allowances now due or to become due to him, and then to be confined at hard labor in such penitentiary as the proper authorities may direct for eight years."

—William Murley, aged 12, of Leavenworth, Kansas, is either a moral monster or a martyr to a cruelly false accusation. He went to play on the ice with a lad younger than himself, and this companion was drowned. A spectator at a considerable distance says that Murley pushed the other down through a hole in the ice, thrusting him under water, and pounding his hands to make him let go his hold.

—A couple composed apparently of a boy of 16 and a girl of 12 presented themselves to a Justice at Gilpin, Mo., and asked to be married. The Justice replied that he was not in the habit of joining children in wedlock, and advised them to go right back to their parents. They asserted that they were over twenty, and so they were, being dwarfs; but they had to bring witnesses and the family record before the official would believe it.

—Intelligence reached Panama on Monday of an appalling earthquake in Costa Rica. Advices then received state that four towns have been destroyed—Alajuela, San Ramon, Greecia, and Herida. In Alajuela alone several thousand lives were lost. Those left alive there are homeless. Later accounts say the loss of life has been something fearful. Thousands of the inhabitants were swallowed up, and the destruction of property is widespread.

—The Washington police had in charge the other day a white lunatic calling himself Winfield Scott Hancock and claiming to be President of the United States. He arrived a few days ago exhausted by a long tramp from North Carolina. Upon his ar

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - MARCH 17, 1882.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Spring. There and the Other Place.

Plant trees. There is no treason in that.

Argument Court will be held on the 28th of the present month.

W. S. Barker & Bro. are still buying all kinds of apples and potatoes they can get.

The stomach's greatest friend is PEPTI-ZONE. At James' drug store, Ebensburg.

Lime for whitewashing almost anything but a political reputation, for sale at Barker's.

Mr. John Lucas, of Altoona, died on Friday last of small-pox, leaving a wife and child.

Somerset county has a sound and solid pickle which has been in brine for forty-four years.

Barker's Horse and Cattle Powder is the best in the market. Buy it and try it, and will never deny it.

This is St. Patrick's day in the morning.

Let us crown the memory of the patron saint of the Emerald Isle.

Do unto others as you would have others do unto you: buy from Cham. Roberts and yourself you'll prove true.

W. S. Barker & Bro. have just received a load of corn and oats chop, which they are selling at very low prices.

A new industry, in shape of a brickyard is to be operated both winter and summer, is about to be established in Altoona.

The Spring styles for ladies' wear are coming to the front, and the women folks soon be afflicted with the delerium-trimens.

Don't forget public sale of E. Muller, Jr., to-morrow (Saturday), and of J. McMullen, Allegheny township, on Friday.

George Deeters, less than sixteen years old, Williamsburg, Blair county, is six feet inch in height. Nothing, it seems, can stop George from growing.

The only scientific Iron Medicine that will not produce headache, etc., but gives to you all the benefits of Iron without its effects, is Brown's Iron Bitters.

We learn from the East End (Pittsburg) Dispatch that Geo. W. Jones, formerly of this place, where he was born, has accepted a position at the Torrans transfer station.

Does the "oldest inhabitant" remember anything before last Wednesday night when lightning and thunder were followed by a fall to the depth of two or three inches?

Alfred M. Hyle has been appointed passenger agent at Hollidaysburg, vice John C. Ivory, transferred to Pittsburgh. That's "makin' to H(o)yle"—a pretty good position.

The attendance at the Common Pleas Court of Court this week is extremely small as compared with the multitude who throng our streets the early part of last week.

Hon. Rex, Esq., of Philadelphia, one of Cambria's most esteemed and valued patrons, paid us a visit this week to Ebensburg and vicinity. Always welcome—come again often.

Flour for sale at the "Sugar Bowl" by the barrel, sack, half sack or quarter sack, and at prices to suit everybody, except those who don't sell so good an article at equally low figures.

The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Griffith Davis, of Cambria township, died last Friday, and the remains were interred in Lloyd cemetery on Monday afternoon following. We did not learn her age.

A new invoice of chromos, and a fine selection of five and ten cent goods, just received at the "Sugar Bowl." All are invited to call and examine these *extremely cheap* and useful articles.

Be modest and humble, and ne'er turn up your nose at poorer people in plainer dress; but remember Cham. Roberts, who, unless goes, is a safe man to deal with, as everyone knows.

The legal gentlemen who have the decision of the new Court House in hand don't need the services of the Altoona City Band on that memorable occasion, they have no fear in their souls.

Many suffer day after day, and month after month, with lame back, sciatica, gravel, kidney, diabetes, female weakness, etc., and you can be cured by wearing Prof. Tuttle's Kidney Pad.

Two large otters were caught in Huntingdon county a few nights ago, the pelts of which netted their lucky captor the neat sum of thirty dollars. He otter be and he is glad about it.

Buy only the Landreth garden seeds, for nowhere else in Ebensburg than at the drug store. Money refunded in every instance that the seeds fail to grow. Orders will promptly attended to.

The Hollidaysburg *Register* says that the "post-mortem over there were well attended on Saturday last. The assertion, however, is not borne out by the editor's own signature, doubtless because he wasn't there to see.

For weak lungs, spitting of blood, shortness of breath, consumption, night sweats, lingering coughs, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is a sovereign remedy. Superior to cod liver oil. By druggists.

For carpets you want, whether enough for a room or to cover any number of rooms, you can buy any desired quality or quantity at Barkers' than anywhere else in town. This is a fact susceptible of proof.

W. S. B. & B. will open this week another lot of prints at 5 cents per yard, if you call in a piece, averaging from 5 to 25 yards, at 4 cents if they have to be cut. These are wonderful bargains in these goods, and won't last long.

The remains of Mrs. Richard R. Tibbott, whose death is noted elsewhere, were interred from the Congregational church this afternoon (Thursday) afternoon at 2 o'clock. The deceased was a cousin of our worthy friend, Mr. C. T. Roberts.

There was a falling out among friends in front of our office on Friday last. A gentleman from a certain locality south of town in a buggy because his horse started off in an awkward friend with whom he was riding, and time to let go of his hand.

Professor Lyte, formerly principal of our public schools, was in town several days this week. His future residence will be in St. Paul, Minnesota, where he has secured a responsible position as civil engineer. May success of life ever rest Lite-ly upon him. We see it stated that Mr. Christian Good, of Jackson township, this county, has committed to memory everything in the Bible from beginning, from Genesis to Revelations, inclusive, to be true, Mr. Good ought to apply to the legislature to have his name reversed.

Some varieties of a new and superior (so said) kind for planting this spring has been ordered from Detroit by an association of our citizens. It will cost $16 for the barrel of bushels in that city, or, counting the freight at $6 per bushel, delivered here.

An attempt was on Monday made to remove some of the license petitions refused last week by Judge Watson. His Honor Judge Dean peremptorily refused to grant a hearing, and it will therefore take a year before they can again greet the public.

It is worthy postmaster, or his equally efficient assistant, will deem it no trouble to inform H. P. Cooper, Ann Hildebrand, M. Gregg, Clark Shettler and Mrs. Mary Koch with a letter, while Mrs. Eliza B. Lloyd will be entitled to two of 'em if she chooses.

—We stop the press to announce that the McNeil Family and Sam. K. Hodgdon Concert and Comedy Company will give one of their inimitable entertainments at the Court House, in this place, on next Monday evening. Reserve seat tickets for sale at James' drug store.

—A Huntingdon firm is credited with the discovery of a preparation, composed of herbs, which will make the hair grow on the baldest heads. After we hear from a couple of animated billiard balls who grace the editorial profession thereaway we shall know more about it.

—A large quantity of ore fell on a young man named Joseph Burke, on Monday last, while at work in a mine on Benshoff Hill, Johnstown, but fortunately he escaped with comparatively light injuries, the worst hurt he received being a fracture of his right leg below the knee.

—Our butcher friend Lew. Rodgers, of this place, slaughtered a four weeks-old calf the other day which netted 98 pounds of clean meat. The calf was bought from Mr. Thomas Davis (North), and was probably the largest for its size that has ever bleated a bleat in this vicinity.

—Two children of Mr. David Imler, of Woodberry township, Blair county, have recently died from diphtheria. One of them, a son aged 20 years, leaves a widow 17 years old, and the other victim was a little girl aged 3 years. The bereaved ones have our sincere and earnest sympathy.

—This is the last regular term of Court for the present Court House. It has served the purpose for which it was built for fully fifty years, half the time affording totally inadequate accommodations, and will be superseded by a building at once safe, commodious, elegant and ornamental.

—Many a merchant owns a larger store and a more extensive stock than John Owens owns, but when it comes to a choice assortment of fresh groceries, hats, caps, boots, shoes, notions, etc., at the very lowest prices, everybody owns that John Owens can hold his own with any of them.

—Altoona's oldest inhabitant died on last Friday morning. Her name was Mary Galbraith and her age 94 years. In 1851 her husband and herself took up their residence at what is now corner of Lexington avenue and Ninth street, where she continued to reside up to the time of her death.

—Mr. Fos. Lloyd is in town on a brief visit to his parents and friends. He was formerly telegraph operator here and at Cresson, and is now employed in the same capacity in the Western Union office at Pittsburgh. We are glad to know that he likes his new quarters and that his new quarters like him.

—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound revives the drooping spirit; invigorates and harmonizes the organic functions; gives elasticity and firmness to the step, restores the natural lustre to the eye, and plants on the pale cheek of beauty the fresh roses of life's spring and early summer time.

—Newry, Blair county, which in its time, and a long time, has probably had more and better brass bands than any other town of its size in the State, has just organized another one, which is to be put through its "toots" by Charles Conrad, Esq., who has few equals and fewer superiors as a musician.

—The *Semi-Weekly* (Huntingdon) *News* entered upon its eighth year last week. The *News* has a circulation of over 1,300 in the county in which it is published, and its local department, which is its specialty, is always full and complete. It is a good paper, and we are pleased to know meets with the success which the care and industry of its editor, our good friend Mr. Lindsay, so well merits.

—A carpenter named Joseph Lewis, employed by the contractors who are building the addition to the Mountain House, at Cresson, fell from the top of that structure to the ground, on last Monday morning, receiving injuries from which he died the same evening. The unfortunate man's home was at Howard, Centre county, where his remains were taken for burial. He leaves a wife and two children.

—When lightning and thunder manifest themselves while the mercury is down to 30 degrees above zero and a snow or sleet storm is prevailing as was the case on last Wednesday night, it looks very much as if there was a big screw loose somewhere in the weather department. This is the second time within a month that this thing has happened, and people hereaway begin to wonder what it all means.

—At a meeting of the Cambria County Bar held Monday evening, it was resolved that a Bar Association, similar to one now in force in Blair as well as in other adjoining counties should forthwith be organized. The object, as we understand it, is primarily for a closer union of the fraternity, and secondarily, for the purchase of a law library for the use of bench and bar, the same to be an adjunct of the new Court House.

—If our young friend Harry A. Jacobs gains as much financially as the "tart preservative" loses professionally by his retirement from the local editorship of the Huntingdon *Globe*, and his intended affiliation with his father in the hardware and tinware business at Hollidaysburg, as we certainly hope he may, there will be some "balm in Gilead" for us fellows he leaves behind. All the same we are real sorry to part with him.

—We would not willingly detract from the character or corporosity of any man, woman or child, and hence we hasten to correct an error we fell into last week about the avoirdupois of Judge Watson, of Doylestown, who assured us during a hasty but pleasant visit to our sanctum, on Friday last, that he weighs nearly 300 pounds, instead of 220, as we were wrongly informed. Watson his bones the Judge is certainly entitled to.

—The Johnstown *Tribune* says that a peddler sold to a widow lady a pair of spectacles the other day for $2, and afterward sold his whole stock to a hardware merchant at such a price that the latter could realize his customary profit by selling them at twenty-five cents a pair. They were ordinary twenty-five cent steel spectacles. Our advice to town people as well as to country folks is to give peddlers a wide berth. There is no need for them.

—Judge Watson, who filled the bench last week in the absence of Judge Dean, uses an old-fashioned quill-pen while writing. At the end of the session last Friday he handed Deputy Prothonotary Zahm two well-worn stubs, at the same time remarking: "I see you are a good penman, and present you these as a testimonial of my esteem for you as a capable Court officer." Mr. Zahm says he has laid the stubs away with a view to preserving if not pickling them.

—While Mr. John Hoffman, a railroad repair hand, was walking on the south track of the P. R. R. about half a mile below Petersburg, Huntingdon county, on las Friday morning, he was struck by the mail express west, which had crossed over to the south track on account of a wreck, and instantly killed. Mr. Hoffman was about 65 years of age and had been in the employ of the railroad company for thirty years. He was a sober, industrious man, and leaves a wife and five children.

—We are glad indeed to chronicle the promotion of our jovial and judicious friend M. P. Condon, who for a considerable time past so acceptably filled the position of freight agent at Cresson. "Mike" has just been made station agent at West Elizabeth, Allegheny county, on the Pittsburgh, Charleston and Virginia Railroad, and will henceforth be in the enjoyment of a salary more commensurate with his deserts—$75 per month. The P. R. R. officials might have Condon the subject for a lifetime without finding a better man to promote.

—Our well known townsman, Joseph McDonald, Esq., as will be seen by a very modest card in another column, proposes to take the bovine by the horns, so to speak, at the coming Democratic primary election in this county, the object in view being a seat in the State Legislature. There are few if any in this latitude who would be heard from more eloquently or to a better purpose in the halls of legislation, so far as ability is concerned, than General McDonald.

—John Shoemaker, Esq., whom we knew ever since we were a boy in Hollidaysburg, and whom we often listened to with delight when he sang among other fine selections that pathetic Scotch ballad, "I hae nobody now to console my heart's cares," died on Saturday last at his home in Altoona, of which city he was postmaster a goodly number of years ago, after suffering long and patiently from some disease to us unknown. His age was about 78 years. Peace to the ashes of our worthy old friend.

—Mr. Jas. Cullen, of Spruce Creek, Dan'l McLaughlin, Esq., of Johnstown, F. O'Friel, Esq., of Loretto, Mrs. Margaret Kittell, Jno. E. Scanlan, Esq., and the writer hereof, all of this place, have each received from Right Rev. Bishop Tuigg, now on his return from Rome, or from his amiable Secretary, Rev. F. Kittell, a large and magnificent photograph of Pope Leo XIII, bearing the Papal Benediction and the autograph of His Holiness. Such souvenirs are well worthy of being preserved by those who appreciate them, as we know all the receipients do.

—The Somerset *Herald* tells of a remarkable tree, known as the six poplars, which is growing near the village of Harnedsville, in said county. The original tree was cut off a number of years ago, and from the stump six shoots sprang up, which are now immense trees. In the centre of the tree is the grave of James Green, with both head and foot stones. Mr. Daniel Trent and Mr. Frank Friedline measured the tree and found that the original was 26 feet in circumference, while each of the six poplars measured 8 feet 8 inches in circumference.

—Lilly's and license seem to be synonymous terms. At least one should judge so from the fact that nine tavern licenses for that village were granted by our county Court last week, while the borough of Wilmore has to be satisfied with a single eating house and the village of Portage hasn't even that much in the way of "creature comforts." It is therefore as much of a conundrum as to what the first-named village wants with nine hotels as it is as to how the other two places are going to worry along without any public house at which man or beast can be accommodated.

—While Mr. David Reese, of this place, was putting in a little idle time on Wednesday last by watching several parties who were engaged in chopping down trees on his father's farm, in Cambria township, a tree which in its descent had lodged against another one suddenly parted from its moorings and in its fall one of the limbs struck Mr. Reese on the shoulders, prostrating him to the earth and inflicting very severe and painful injuries. No bones were broken, however, and the medical skill of Dr. Griffith, who was sent for without delay, soon relieved him as far as possible, and he is now doing as well as could be expected.

—Criminal Court adjourned last Friday forenoon. Just before leaving the bench Judge Watson took occasion to say, in a neat little address, that he had long desired to visit Cambria county, and that this his first week in our midst was one of the pleasantest he had ever spent anywhere in the capacity of Judge. A fitting response was made by R. L. Johnston, Esq., in behalf of the Bar, who assured the Judge that the pleasure was mutual, and expressed the hope that this might prove only the first of a series of calls which he would make us. Judge Watson created a good impression on all he came in contact with—laymen as well as lawyers, printers as well as punsters.

CONCORD GRAPE VINES.

Fine, vigorous Vines, Two, Three and Four Years Old, for sale by the dozen or thousand at the lowest prices.

These Vines are raised on the famous Mt. Prospect Vineyards, at Passaic, N. J., where the well-known Port Grape Wine is produced that is so highly esteemed by Physicians. Enquire of ALFRED SPEER,
Passaic, N. J.
[2-10-2m.]

SUDDEN DEATH OF AN EBENSBURG LADY.—On last Tuesday night, between 10 and 11 o'clock, Mrs. Eliza Tibbott, wife of Richard R. Tibbott, of the East ward, this place, died after an illness of about half an hour. Her sudden death was caused by what the doctors pronounced heart disease. The deceased was fifty-five years of age, and was the mother of nine living childen, four of whom are married, and of the other five children two are quite young. Mrs. Tibbott, who was a daughter of Evan Evans, long since deceased, was an excellent wife and mother, and was greatly esteemed by her neighbors, as well as by all who knew her. Her husband, who is one of our most respected citizens, has the sincere sympathy, as has also his family, of the entire community in the sudden and severe bereavement which has befallen them. May God comfort and console the stricken ones.

MOTHER DIED OF SALT RHEUM.—J. W. Adams, Newark, Ohio, says: "Cuticura Remedies are the greatest medicines on earth. Had the worst case of Salt Rheum in this county. My mother had it twenty years, and in fact died from it. I believe Cuticura would have saved her life. My arms, breast and head were covered for three years, which nothing relieved or cured until I used the Cuticura Remedies.

THE COTTAGE HEARTH MAGAZINE.—This elegant Boston monthly is the best periodical at its price (1.50 a year in advance), and the cheapest of its quality in the world. We have arranged to club with this magazine, and make the following offer to our subscribers, good until April 1st: To all who send us a new subscriber with two dollars as advance payment we will send THE COTTAGE HEARTH one year free; and to all who will send us one year's payment of their own subscription—whether now due or partly in advance—and seventy-five cents we will send THE COTTAGE HEARTH for one year. Every one of our subscribers ought to have this beautiful illustrated monthly. We hope to hear from many of them within the next two weeks. Address this office.

MONROE, Mich., Sept. 25, 1875.

Sirs—I have been taking Hop Bitters for inflammation of kidneys and bladder. It has done for me what four doctors failed to do. The effect of Hop Bitters seemed like magic to me. W. L. CARTER.

BACHELORS BOLD, LOOK OUT FOR YOUR SCALPS.—The following epistle, which we print *verbatim et literatum*, suppressing only the name of the place and accompanying initials, not only speaks for itself, but also for the desperate damsel (provided of course it ain't a set-up job) who thus offers herself as a willing sacrifice on the altar of Hymen:

——— 3-13 1882

Here I am a young Lady age 21 years highth old or young object matrimony at first sight. Call on or address Miss —, ———— 3½ mile from Station South
Yours Resp Miss —.

ANNOYANCE PREVENTED.

Gray hairs are honorable but their premature appearance is annoying. Parker's Hair Balsam prevents the annoyance by promptly restoring the youthful color.

A SNAKE three feet long was killed near Hollidaysburg on Monday last while in the act of getting away with a chicken, which it had caught by the foot.

WANTED.—EVERYBODY SUFFERING with Coughs, Colds, &c., to try a 25c. bottle of GUENTHER'S LUNG HEALER and be cured. For sale by druggists.

CHEAP ACCORDIONS SOLD AT COST.—By sending $1.75 to H. Kleber & Bro., 122 Wood street, Pittsburgh, Pa., you will receive an elegant new Accordion, worth $3.50. H. Kleber & Bro. Send money or postage stamps. [3-17.-2t.]

CANCERS AND OTHER TUMORS

are treated with unusual success by World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. Send stamp for pamphlet.

COURT CHRONICLES.—When we went to press last week the so-called South Fork "Mollie Maguire" case was on trial. A large number of witnesses were examined, but no testimony connecting any of the defendants with the body of the crime was elicited. The case went to the jury about 3 o'clock Thursday afternoon, and a verdict of not guilty as to all the defendants was returned at 11 o'clock the same night. So that the would-be murderers of Oliver Myers seem as yet to be at large.

Com'th vs. Mary Seager. This poor woman, while laboring under a fit of insanity, made a violent assault on her husband in Cambria borough. Verdict of the jury, not guilty by reason of insanity, and the Court directed her to be given into the custody of the Poor Directors. While the trial was going on, the woman had one of her periodical attacks in the Court-room.

Com'th vs. Michael Silverman alias Myer Everage—skipping a board bill (in Johnstown) contrary to the act of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Guilty, but in consideration of the fact that he had already served six weeks in the county jail the sentence was the comparatively light one of one month additional in that institution and to pay a fine of one dollar and costs.

Com'th vs. Alexander Eckstein and Henry Gillespie—assault and battery on Francis O'Neill, of Johnstown. Not guilty, and the county to pay the costs. O'Neill had previously been convicted of assault and battery on a boy named Richard Williams, who with others had been in the habit of annoying O'Neill while at work in and about the coal mines. The case against Eckstein and Gillespie grew out of this proceeding.

Thursday night a jury was empaneled in the case of the Com'th vs. Stephen Herdman, charged with assault and battery, after which all the other jurors were discharged. John Dignan was the prosecutor in the case. Both parties were prisoners in the county jail when the assault occurred, which had its origin in a game of cards. In the fight Herdman bit a piece out of Dignan's nose. The case was tried Friday morning, and the jury found Herdman guilty. He was sentenced to imprisonment in the county jail for the term of thirty days, and to pay a fine of one dollar and costs of prosecution.

Francis O'Neill, found guilty of assault and battery upon Richard Wilkins, was sentenced to pay a fine of one dollar and costs and go to jail for thirty days. He had already been in charge of Jailor Griffith for about two months.

In the following cases *nolle prosequis* were entered on payment of costs by the defendants:

Com'th vs. Michael Smith; Com'th vs. Wagner and others.

The following Commonwealth cases were continued:

Ellen Maguire, fornication; James Lang, selling liquor without license, and keeping a tippling house; Louis Mosebangh, fornication and bastardy; Richard Scott, larceny, and receiving stolen goods; Martin Rouser, shooting with intent to kill, shooting with intent to maim, and assault and battery.

The following bills were ignored by the Grand Jury:

Com'th vs. Richard Grady, malicious mischief, and kindling a fire upon the land of another; Com'th vs. Geo. Cassidy and others, neglecting and refusing to repair a bridge.

Court adjourned for the week at 10:20 A. M., Friday.

SECOND WEEK.

Court met at the usual hour Monday—that is, usual since the new railroad scedule went into effect—with His Honor Judge Dean and Associates Flanagan and Masters on the bench.

The list of attorneys was called, for the purpose of hearing motions, petitions, etc., a large number of which occupied the attention of Court during the afternoon.

The first case called was that of George W. Hoover & Co. vs. R. H. Brown—action in debt. There being no defense, the jury returned a verdict for plaintiffs in the sum of $927.07.

John F. Adelsberger vs. James Durbin and A. J. Christy—trespass to recover damages for an illegal levy on goods of plaintiff under a landlord's warrant. Durbin was constable, and made the levy by order of Christy. The jury find for plaintiff in the sum of $8.00.

Bracken vs. Haller—ejectment. Defendant confesses judgment for land described in the writ.

McLanahan, Stone & Bailey, for use of W. H. Rose, Master in Chancery and Receiver, vs. Peter Dunn—debt. Jury find for plaintiff in the sum of $25.33.

Harrop & Louder vs. Howe—debt. Defendant confesses judgment.

D. W. Brendlinger vs. Wm. H. Wendell and Jacob Wendell—feigned issue, having its origin in the sale of the patent for a hay elevator. Jury find for defendants.

Court adjourned finally at 3.30 o'clock P. M. Wednesday.

A BRAVE ACT.—A few days ago a nanny goat owned by a Prospect family was driven down the hill toward the Pennsylvania railroad by a pack of dogs. It was hounded so close, that finally, in order to save itself, it was obliged to leap over a small precipice. The bounds of the ledge on which it lit were so narrow that the little animal had scarcely room to turn about, while below it was another precipice, about fifty feet high; and while it was safe from the dogs, which soon abandoned the sport, it was unable to get up or down the hill. This happened in the morning, at a point back of and in plain view from the residence of Mr. William Gerhardt, in Conemaught Borough. That gentleman took pity on the goat, and in the afternoon, provided with a stout rope, he went forth to rescue it. Climbing the hill to a point just above where the goat stood, he fastened one end to the tree and the other about his body, and with that surprising agility which has made him famous as a circus gymnast, climbed down over the precipice and released the little animal from its perilous position. The feat was witnessed by hundreds of men employed at the Gautier Wire Mill and Steel Works, who heartily applauded him for his bravery.—*Johnstown Tribune.*

Men of Eminent Ability.

Scholars and chemists have devoted years of time and skillful labor that they might, in a measure, relieve human suffering. Dr. Faust's German Aromatic Wine is the result of the most patient and careful experiments. It is prepared with the most scrupulous care from pure Grape Juice and the choicest Fruits, Roots and Herbs. It strengthens imminently without an equal for the use of ladies suffering with private disorders, aged or feeble and debilitated persons, and those recovering from the effects of exhausting disease, or mental or physical overwork. Guaranteed to promote digestion and invigorate and give new and permanent vital force. In no way can it be used as an intoxicant. Ask Druggists. For sale at E. James' new Drug Store, Ebensburg, Pa. [4-8.-e.o.w.1y.]

A "PATIENCE" rhyme young man,
A bore sublime young man,
A "print my effusion,"
Get out with confusion
In double-quick time young man.

What follows is in solid prose, and its purport is meant to be that when you go to buy whatever spring clothing you need you should patronize Jas. J. Murphy, 309 Clinton street, Johnstown—for the reason, to wit: That his stock is always large and fresh; that he deals in no shoddy goods; that everything he sells is fully warranted, and that his prices are considerably lower than can be found elsewhere. A few overcoats on hand which will be disposed of at a bargain.

Oh, What a Cough!

Will you heed the warning, the signal, perhaps, of the near approach of that most terrible disease, Consumption? Ask yourself if you can afford for the sake of saving 50 cents to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will cure your cough. This will explain why *more than a million bottles* were sold the past year. It relieves Croup and Whooping Cough at once. Mothers, do not be without it. For Weak Back, Side, or Chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plasters. Sold by E. James, Ebensburg, Pa. [4-8.-e.o.w.1y.]

He sat on the sofa each evening,
With a smile on his sickly phiz;
He talked upon all sorts of subjects—
But somehow he didn't talk biz.

When that young man sat on the sofa and wanted to talk biz, he should have said: "My dearest dear, do you see those elegant shoes i've got on? They are from the famed establishment of S. Blumental, 1119 Eleventh avenue, Altoona, where may be found shoes for women as well, and holds himself in readiness at all times to fit both sexes with the superior wear for the foot." Mr. Blumenthal keeps the largest stock and sells cheaper than any other dealer in this section.

"ON THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL.—We will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to young men and older persons who are afflicted with Nervous Debility, Lost Vitality, etc., guaranteeing speedy relief and complete restoration of vigor and manhood. Also for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Paralysis, Liver and Kidney difficulties, Ruptures, and many other diseases. Illustrated pamphlet sent free. Address Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich. [10-28.-1y.]

Ladies, for those distressing complaints to which you are subject, use Dr. Faust's German Aromatic Wine. [4-7.'81.-1y.]

OBITUARY.

KNIGHTON.—Died, of heart disease, at the residence of her son-in-law, F. A. Storm, Esq., in Allegheny township, on Sunday, March 12, 1882, Mrs. CATHARINE KNIGHTON, in the 83d year of her age.

The subject of this notice came to this county only a few years ago and by her kindness of manner and gentleness of disposition endeared herself to all who knew her. She was a kind neighbor, a true friend, a most excellent woman, and a devout member of the Catholic Church, and her death will long be mourned by a host of relatives and friends who had learned to appreciate her worth and value her sincerity. Although her death was sudden and unexpected at the time, she was fully prepared to meet the dread summons, as she had timely warning that from the nature of her malady she might be called away at any moment. Her remains were taken to Harrisburg on Monday for interment in the Catholic cemetery there, beside those of her husband, who preceded her several years ago, and with whom we hope she is now happily and peacefully enjoying the rewards of a well spent life. May she rest in peace. D.

WHENCE COMES THE UNBOUNDED POPULARITY OF Allcock's Porous Plasters?

Because they have proved themselves the Best External Remedy ever invented. They will cure asthma, colds, coughs, rheumatism, neuralgia, and any local pains.

Applied to the small of the back, they are infallible in BACK-ACHE, NERVOUS DEBILITY, and all Kidney troubles; to the pit of the stomach, they are a sure cure for DYSPEPSIA and LIVER COMPLAINT.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are painless, fragrant, and quick to cure. Beware of imitations that blister and burn. Get ALLCOCK'S, the only Genuine Porous Plaster. [2-3.-e.o.w.4m.]

CATARRH

HAY-FEVER

Elys' Cream Balm

Effectually CLEANSES the nasal passages of Catarrhal virus, causing HEALTHY SECRETIONS, allays inflammation, protects the membrane from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores the sense of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized by a few applications. A thorough treatment will cure *Catarrh, Hay Fever, &c.* Unequaled for colds in the head. Agreeable to use. Apply by the little finger into the nostrils. On receipt of 50c. will mail a package.

Sold by Ebensburg druggists.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CO.,
March 17, 1882.-e.o.w.1y. Owego, N. Y.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.

BY virtue of an alias order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, the undersigned will expose to sale by public auction or outcry, at the hotel of C. Robine, in the village of Hemlock, on

SATURDAY, the 8th day of April, 1882,

At 2 O'CLOCK, P. M., the following described real estate, of which FRANCIS URBIN died seized, to-wit:

A PIECE OR PARCEL OF GROUND situate in the village of Hemlock, Cambria county, Pa., bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post, corner of two alleys; thence by an alley, south 26 degrees, east 106½ feet, to a post on line of lot formerly owned by H. W. Fox; thence by said lot, west 118½ feet, to a post; thence north 26 degrees, west 58½ feet, to a post at alley; thence by said alley, north 69 degrees, east 105 feet, to the place of beginning.

TERMS OF SALE.—Fifteen dollars to be paid by the purchaser when the property is struck down; one-third at the confirmation of sale, and the balance in six months, with interest, to be secured by the judgment note of the purchaser.

JOSEPH CRISTE,
Administrator of FRANCIS URBIN, dec'd.
Washington Twp., March 17, 1882.-3t.

FOR ASSEMBLY.—The undersigned offers himself to the Democracy of Cambria county as a candidate for the Legislature, and if found worthy the support of a majority of his fellow Democrats at the coming primary election, and is endorsed at the polls in November next, he pledges himself to serve the interests of all concerned to the best of his ability and entirely regardless of either fear, favor or affection.

JOSEPH GUTWALD,
Ebensburg, March 10, 1882.-2m.*

ASSEMBLY.—JOSEPH MCDONALD, of Ebensburg, will be a candidate for nomination, subject to Democratic rules, at the next primary election for Cambria county.

AN UNPARALLELED OFFER. 24 STOPS. 15 OCTAVE REEDS. ONLY $63

DANIEL F. BEATTY
The most Successful House in the World.
WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.
This Magnificent CABINET Organ
With an elegant Stool, Book and Music, boxed and delivered on board cars at Washington, New Jersey, for
Only $63.00
Satisfaction absolutely guaranteed or money refunded after one year's use.
24 STOPS.
Specifications as Follows:
1 Cello, 8 ft. tone 2 Melodia, 8 ft. tone. 3 Clarabella, 8 ft. tone. 4 Manual Sub-Bass. 5 Bourdon, 16ft. tone. 6 Saxaphone, 8 ft. tone. 7 Viol di Gamba, 8 ft. tone. 8 Diapason, 8 ft. tone. 9 Viola Dolce, 4 ft. tone. 10 Grand Expression. 11 French Horn, 8 ft. tone. 12 Harp Aeolienne. 13 Vox Humana. 14 Echo. 8 ft. tone. 15 Dulciana, 8 ft. tone. 16 Clarionet 8 ft. 17 Voix Celeste, 8 ft. tone. 18 Violina. 19 Vox Jubilante, 8ft. 20 Piccolo 4ft. 21 Coupler Harmonique. 22 Orchestral Forte. 23 Grand Organ Knee Stop. 24 Right Organ Knee Stop.
BEWARE! Do not think of buying an Organ that does not contain an Octave Coupler, a stop which doubles the power of the instrument. All of my organs have it. This Organ is a triumph of the Organ Builder's art. It is very beautiful in appearance, being exactly like the above cut. The case is of solid walnut, profusely ornamented with hand carving and superative fancy trimmings. The music pocket is of the most beautiful design extant. It has the best rubber upright Bellows, with steel springs, rollers for moving, polished metal pedals, and handles, etc., and the music stands are of a style in the parlor and would ornament the boudoir of a princess.
REMIT by Money Order, Express Prepaid, Bank Draft, or Registered Letters. Money refunded and all freight charges paid if not as represented. Agents wanted. 30 per cent. Now Ready, and see Factory, array of three million dollars of testimonials, and thousands of pleased customers. Address, Washington, New Jersey. Illustrated catalogue for visitors wants all treated.
New Style No. 11005. Dimensions: Height, 78 ins.; Depth, 25 ins.; Length, 68 ins.

BEATTY
PIANOFORTES.

A RECENT ADVERTISEMENT.
A.—BEATTY'S PIANOFORTES.—Magnificent handsome round corners, rosewood cases, three unisons, Beatty's noiseless iron frames, steel bottom, boxed, $328.75 to $297.50; catalogue prices, $500 to $1,000; satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded, after one year's use. Upright pianofortes, $185 to $255, catalogue prices, $500 to $800; standard pianofortes of the universe, at thousands testify, write for mammoth list of testimonials; Beatty's cabinet organs, cathedral, church, chapel, parlor, $30 upward; visitors welcome; free carriage meets passengers; illustrated catalogues (holiday edition) free, address or call on DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

IMPORTANT!!!
I want it distinctly understood that I am prepared to offer to the public greater inducements to buy PIANOFORTES FOR HOLIDAY PRESENTS than ever before. Why buy Grand, Square and Upright Pianos and pay manufacturers such enormous profits. Before you decide to purchase a Piano elsewhere, stop! Write at once for valuable information. Tricks of the trade Where the cost comes in; how a $297.50 Piano cost $100 through agents—profits of from $500 to $700 made on a single sale. A $1000 Piano sold to one man for $360, to his neighbor, the same Piano precisely, for $260, to another for $200. *To date I have* sold over 11,000 pianos, and my sales are mostly direct, my advantages has no fictitious prices—OUR PRICE TO ALL.
Address or call upon DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

LARGEST STORE
JOHN WANAMAKER
GRAND DEPOT PHILADELPHIA
DRY GOODS &c.
Samples and Catalogues by mail when requested.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM.

This elegant dressing is preferred by those who have used it, to any similar article, on account of its superior cleanliness and purity. It contains materials only that are beneficial to the scalp and hair and always
Restores the Youthful Color to Grey or Faded Hair
Parker's Hair Balsam is freely perfumed and is warranted to prevent falling of the hair and to remove dandruff and itching. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.
50c. and $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs and medicines.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC
A Superlative Health and Strength Restorer.
If you are a mechanic or farmer, worn out with overwork, or a mother run down by family or household duties try PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.
If you are a lawyer, minister or business man exhausted by mental strain or anxious cares, do not take Intoxicating stimulants, but use Parker's Ginger Tonic.
If you have Consumption, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaints, or any disorder of the lungs, stomach, blood or nerves, Parker's Ginger Tonic will cure you. It is the Greatest Blood Purifier
And the Best and Surest Cough Cure Ever Used.
If you are wasting away from age, dissipation or any disease or weakness and require a stimulant take GINGER TONIC at once; it will invigorate and build you up from the first dose but will never intoxicate. It has saved hundreds of lives; it may save yours.
CAUTION!—Refuse all substitutes. Parker's Ginger Tonic is composed of the best medicinal roots in the world, scientifically different from preparations of ginger alone. Send for circular to Hiscox & Co., N. Y. 50c. & $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs.
GREAT SAVING BUYING DOLLAR SIZE.

FLORESTON
Its rich and lasting fragrance has made this delightful perfume exceedingly popular. There is nothing like it. Insist upon having FLORESTON COLOGNE and look for signature of Hiscox & Co.
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SOME SEVERE WINTERS.

NOTABLE STORMS AND STINGING COLDS

In the course of the winter of 1814, not only was the list of persons who perished in the snow a painfully long one, but many animals were lost, particularly sheep. There were, however, some remarkable instances of the latter being rescued, after a protracted entombment. One belonging to a gentleman from the south of Scotland was rescued after having been buried for six weeks. It was not much the worse for the imprisonment; for, after a little stumbling it was able to walk home before its shepherd, and by and by was as strong as the rest of the flock. On the 22d of February, a sheep belonging to a farmer in Berwickshire was dug out, after having been entombed for fourteen days in the snow.

Neither are instances wanting of the almost miraculous preservation of human beings when buried in a drift wreath. Few more remarkable than the following will be found, which occurred at the village of Impington, about three miles from Cambridge. On the 2d of February, 1799, Mrs. Elizabeth Woodcock, a respectable resident of the village, on returning home from market, was overtaken by a snow-drift. Lying down beside a hedge, she was immediately enveloped, and remained there until the 10th of the month—a period of eight days and eight nights. During the interval one of the villagers is said to have dreamed on three different occasions, that a hare was to be found at a particular spot at the roadside near the village. Immediately after the last occasion he resolved to go and see; and on doing so, he discovered a handkerchief in a hole in the snow; and on further search, to his amazement, found Mrs. Woodcock. She was conveyed, in the full possession of her faculties, to her family and friends, who had given her up as lost. She said she had a distinct recollection of hearing the village bells chiming for the church service, on the day after that in which she was inwrapped in what she believed was to be her winding-sheet; and equally good was her hearing on the morning of the day on which she was rescued, when on the bells chiming, she recognized them. About thirty or forty years ago, a monument commemorative of the event, with an inscription stating the particulars, was erected on the spot; and persons are said to be still living in the village who remembered having seen Mrs. Woodcock.

The great storm of 1795 lasted for fifty-one days; and on a simultaneous appeal being made to the "oldest inhabitants" in all parts of the country that venerable personage positively failed to conjure up from memory a parallel winter, unless, indeed, it was that of 1740. On the Thames, there was a general suspension of commerce, and it was said that there were no fewer than four hundred vessels fast in the ice. During the months of January and February, a great many persons perished in the snow or from cold—not a few in circumstances exceedingly painful. But there was also a very considerable catalague of gallant rescues. We select the following two examples of deliverance effected by the agency of dumb animals, that have always been among the best friends of man. One day toward the end of January, a Norfolk farmer, while returning home from the town of Norwich, became so benumbed by the cold that he was compelled to lie down in the snow. He would undoubtedly have perished but for his dog, which, with a pathetic sagacity, stretched its body across its master's breast, and so protected his lungs from the cold. In this position it lay for several hours, until at length, by continued barking and howling, it attracted attention and relief.

An almost equal power of discernment was displayed in the following instance: About the same period, while a farmer near Huntlycote was, with the assistance of his shepherd, relieving some sheep from a snow-drift at the side of a bank, a large quantity of snow shot down in the form of an avalanche from the higher ground, and enveloped the two men. They must have remained, and perhaps perished, but for the sagacity of their two faithful collies. The dogs at once scampered home, and by their excited demeanor and continuous howling, aroused the suspicions of the women, whom they by and by induced them to follow them to the spot, and where the animals commenced to scrape the snow; and the situation having thus been made plain, the men were dug out, after a confinement of six hours, of which, however, they were not much the worse.—*Chambers' Journal.*

A PECULIAR PLANT.—American ladies will prick up their ears at the information that serkys is a plant much in use among the women of Eastern Europe in order to inhance and retain their charms. Its properties have been known to Turkish women ever since the introduction of coffee into Europe. It is said to be a little herb which grows at the foot of the Mountains of Lebanon. A spoonful of it in a breakfast-cupful of boiling water forms a delicious infusion, which may be drank with milk and sugar like ordinary tea, but is far more pleasant to the taste. Its great recommendation to the fair sex is that it has the virtue of retarding the ravages of age on all those who drink it daily. Dr. Paul Lucas, physician to Louis XIV., mentions it in his travels. He relates that, having been called on to attend the widow of Hassan Pasha, he was surprised to see her waited upon by two young woman, apparently 25 or 30 years of age, whereas he knew that it was customary for her to be waited upon by old women only. On expressing his surprise he was told that both those young ladies were over 60 years of age, and that they owed their youthful appearance to the abundanee of serkys tea which they drank. Dr. Lucus immediately asked for some of the plant, and took it with him to France. It is supposed that he made a present of it to Ninon de l'Enclos, and that it was the mysterious secret of her extraordinarily youthful appearance when old. There is a great run on this article not in Paris just now, for the doctors have discovered that it purifies the blood and thus preserves the skin fair and transparent as in early youth. It also makes the flesh firm and is particularly conducive to a full bust. About three years ago it was reintroduced into Paris by a French doctor who had traveled in the East. In Turkey, where it costs but little, it is often mixed with the water of the bath. Taken, however, in the same manner as tea, twice a day, its effects are said to be certain. It costs five five francs an ounce; but a thimbleful is enough for a breafast-cupful of the infusion.

HOW TO CLEAN STOVE MICA.—The following from an exchange will prove valuable if true:

Every man who has been obliged to spend half a day several times during the winter cleaning the mica in the coal stove usually by taking them out and washing them with soapsuds, will rejoice to know that there is no need to take them out or let the fire burn very low in order to do it successfully. Take a little vinegar and water and wash the mica carefully with a soft cloth, the acid removes all stains, and if a little pains is taken to thoroughly clean the corners and wipe them dry, the mica will look as good as new. If the stove is very hot, tie the cloth to a stick, and so escape the danger of burning your hands.

PERUNA and MANALIN are the two kings of the *Materia Medica.*

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BEST BOOTS FOR MEN AND BOYS THAT CAN BE FOUND ANYWHERE.

In conclusion, it may be said, and said truly, that while the stock of DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, GROCERIES, BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, NOTIONS, &c., &c., kept at the LLOYD STORE may not be the largest in Ebensburg, it is always choice and choice and fresh, as the proprietor is constantly buying and constantly selling, and consequently accumulates no old goods.

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V. S. BARKER & BRO.

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OBJECTIONS TO SHEEP.

With all the advocacy that has been made in favor of sheep breeding by those who have found it profitable, the one single objection so common to farmers has stood in the way and been an obstacle almost since the settlement of our country. The repugnance to sheep is the fact that they graze too close. Farmers are willing to risk all the disadvantages of foot rot, grub and other diseases, but this great terror of close grazing is too much for them. In vain have the large yields of wool from the Cotswolds and Merinos, been displayed, and useless have been the exhibits of the marbled carcasses of the Southdowns. The close cropping of the pastures cannot be borne, and the consequence is that the most useful and easiest kept animal we have is pushed aside for those that often do tenfold more damage.

This very objection, so strenuously held forth, is one of the highest merits possessed by sheep. It is the quality of being able to crop off the scantiest herbage that grows on profitless places, that makes them desirable as farm stock. Their ability to endure great thirst, or rather, to better state it, to do with little water, enables us to keep them in fields not adapted to other stock. It is true they crop down to the very roots, leaving but little; but the weeds, as well as the useful plants, receive the same treatment, and the waste matter that is rejected even by the hog is an item in favor of the keep of the sheep. There never has been a pasture, or a cultivated field, nor a barren waste that has not been benefited when grazed upon by sheep. The evenness with which they spread their droppings, the treading of it into the ground with their feet, and the constant motion kept up by the flock that facilitated this disposal of dropping, prevents not only the slighting of any portion of the land, but enriches it to a degree beyond even the supposition of those who are aware of such advantages. The close grazing is thus not an actual loss of grass, for by a frequent change of pasture and reseeding, the sheep leave the land in a condition to produce a much larger quantity than before.

Let any farmer select a pasture and stock it with sheep, giving them privilege to eat as close as they wish. Let him smother his feeling of horror at the sight of disappearing grass, and patiently wait—wait till the season for breeding and marketing is over—and then figure up the receipts and expenses, valuing his pasture at its worth the time the sheep were placed therein. With all the objections that can be conceived against them the farmer will find that, for the amount of capital invested in the sheep, he has realized more than from any other animals on the farm, and this will not include an item that belongs in favor of the sheep, which is the increased fertility imparted to the land. In fact it is a difficult matter to keep sheep without profit. They pay in the face of every obstacle. Most farmers delight to keep up old pastures, but old pastures in time become well run out, and weeds and undesirable grasses usurp the places of better growths. The cure for such pastures is the close cropping of the sheep that cleans it all—the bad as well as the good. The prejudice against close cropping is an error.

In claiming that sheep is more profitable than other stock, this assurance will be doubly fortified if farmers will cross their sheep with thoroughbred rams. If great carcasses and long wool are wanted use the Cotswold; but this breed needs a little better pasture than the others. If the fineness and weight of the wool is desired try the Merino, but do not expect large sheep from them as they are the smallest breed, but the best, and very hardy. If mutton is needed, with good middle quality of wool, try the Southdown, with its dark face and legs as its badge of purity, and the result will be satisactory. The flock will be improved, the prices greater and the weight of carcass and fleerce increased. Sheep will pay even when badly treated, sometimes; but like other stock care and attention bring their reward, the farmer being more than repaid for any trouble they give. Give them the pasture and keep large flocks, and let them crop close if they wish, for they will pay their debts in full at the proper time.

WHY SOME FARMERS DO NOT SUCCEED.—They are not active and industrious.
They are slothful in everything.
They are wedded to old methods.
They give no attention to details.
They take no pleasure in their work.
They regard labor as a misfortune.
They weigh and measure stingily.
They are wasteful and improvident.
They are fretful and improvident.
Thoy ruin stock by low fencing.
They will not make compost.
They let their fowls roost in the trees.
They have no shelter for stock.
They do not curry their horses.
They leave their plows in the field.
They hang their harness in the dust.
They put off greasing the wagon.
They have no method or system.
They go out too often to 'see a man.'
They see no good in a new thing.
They neyer use paint on the farm.
They plant very late in the spring.
They stack fodder in the field.
They prop the barn door with a rail.
They let the elothes dry on the fence.
They let the hoops fall from the tub.
They neglect to trim up the trees.
They have no shelter for wood.
They milk the cows late in the day.
They have no time to do things well.
They have no garden in the fall.
They see no use in variety.
They starve the calf and milk the cow.
They go to town without business.
They are penny wise and pound foolish.
They don't know the best is the cheapest.
They do not keep up with improvements.
They think small things are not important.
They let their gates sag and fall down.
They see no difference in seeds.—*Southern Farmers' Monthly.*

HOW TO KILL WHEAT MOTHS.—I know of but one efficient remedy for this insect, and that applies as well to the weevil and to the Angoumois grain moth, which is said to do no little damage in the southern and southwestern part of our country. I have frequently seen every kernel of corn in samples fram the Gulf States perforated by this latter moth larva. The remedy proposed is bisulphide of carbon. We have only to pour a quantity of this into the bin at the bottom of the grain to kill all of the insects. It is very penetrating and volatile, and equally deadly to all the insect tribes. I think that a half pint of the liquid would destroy the insect tribes. I think that a pint of the liquid would destroy the insects in a bin of 50 to 100 bushels of grain. Not having experimented with grain in such quantities I cannot give the precise quantities of the liquid to be used in different sized bins of grain, but this can easily be determined by trial. To apply the remedy it is desirable to pour the liquid at the bottom of the grain. To do this they can use a hollow iron cylinder—a gas pipe will do—and fit into it a wooden rod, which shall be a little longer than the iron tube. One end of the rod is to be made sharp; now place the rod inside the tube, and, with the sharp end down, force them both to the bottom of the grain: then having withdrawn the rod, turn in the liquid thro' the tube, which should be pulled out. The insectside, of course, is left at the bottom of the grain and soon converts the bin into an insect cemetery.

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that I ever had since I came among you to sell goods. Fortunately I was late in making my selections and purchases for the present season, and owing to that fact I did very much better than I could otherwise have done, as the remarkable fine weather during the past Fall kept back customers and left wholesale merchants with large stocks of goods and a great desire to sell, tearing as they naturally did that they would be obliged to carry them over in stock or season. Hence they offered and I purchased all my goods at from 20 to 30 per cent. below regular wholesale prices, and I now propose to give my customers the advantage of these great reductions. In my immense stock will be found nearly everything necessary for household and personal use, among which may be mentioned a large lot of

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THOMAS BRADLEY.

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Altoona, April 15, 1880.-tf.

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J. McGRATH.

Altoona, April 16, 1881.

AGENTS WANTED everywhere to sell the Automatic Elastic Knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings, with HEEL and TOE complete, in 20 minutes, in any size, from a fine number for ladies' wear, for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the Twombly Knitting Machine Co., 6 Washington Sq., Boston, Mass.

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Parsons' Purgative Pills make New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing is possible. Sent by mail for 8 letter stamps.

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